

WHEN CELEBRITIES GO BAD | ENERGY INNOVATORS

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca

DECEMBER 1 2003

EXCLUSIVE

Alexandre Trudeau goes back to Baghdad

+ TWO FACES OF MODERN IRAN, BY JONATHON GATEHOUSE

“So long as the violence is directed toward Americans, average Iraqis are completely indifferent” —Trudeau

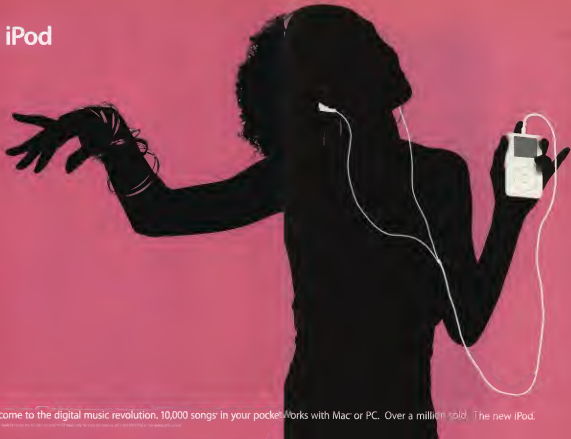
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RULES FOR RICH PEOPLE

Imagine a world in which no one refuses you.
The consequences cut both ways.

YEARS AGO, on a rainy evening in a hotel elevator when the door opened and Bill Cosby stepped in, Cosby was dressed at the height of his fame, instantly recognizable to anyone who owned a TV. If you weren't a fan, you'd at least have known his name as the elevator continued upward. Cosby, in turn, remained silent and stared at the door. When he arrived at his floor, he stepped briefly out, while the people still on the elevator started whispering.

about his appearance. Just as the door closed, Cosby wheeled around, dashed his familiar smile, and said in a raspy voice: "I know you were looking—and I caught you."

Never mind the jargon-rich, wealthy celebrities, in particular, live a life far removed from everyone else. One difference beyond the money is tolerated: the famous can never really be alone. The mundane stuff of life—cleanseur diets, discussions with waiters over the menu, talk about the weather with a cab driver or chauffeur—is a freight, for a celebrity with the knowledge that the more of any such exchange may be noted many times, viewed with different expressions. This means zero tolerance for grumpy behavior, even if the celebrity has good reason for acting that way.

On the other hand, the effort required of famous people to satisfy others is usually minimal—and others go to great lengths to please them. I've heard Joan Christie call the same place at least a dozen times of liberal gatherings over the years. None of the anecdotes were all that backslapping from the first time—but each time out, they do gain of laughter. Or, at another level, consider the lunch meetings, worth tens of thousands of dollars, given to producers at the Academy Awards. Most of these people are millionaires many times over who have no need for friends—but that lack of need is precisely the point. The giving and receiving of gifts to those who least need them is an integral part of the celebrity trip.

Inevitably, all that leads to a feeling that there are no rules for the rich and renowned, except those they set for themselves. A key part of this premise is the reluctance of others to say No to powerful people. The powerful expect that liking—and, sometimes, sex does in by it. It's why political

“It all leads to a feeling that there are no regulations for the rich and renowned—other than those they make for themselves.”

Michael Jackson (page 42), will permit to spend time alone with young boys after a decade of sexual-conspiracy—because no one seemed willing to say this was a really bad idea for all concerned.

Justice, according to a famous quote (for which various people are given credit), is open to everyone “in the same way as the Bora.” Because rich and famous, and you feel above the reach of ordinary people, their intrusive noses pressed against the glass outside, looking in, imagine what it must be like to live in a world where every whim is catered to, where you're always being admired, and you hardly ever hear No. It's the ultimate test of self discipline—so we shouldn't be surprised, I suppose, that not all of the confidence men

Anthony Wilentz

respond to maclean.ca to comment on the editor's letter.

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'If the government cannot handle the funding of universities, it must follow the U.S. example and allow private institutions to set up universities.' —HARISH KURJIA, Arlington, Tex.

Ranking issues

The ranking of universities is undoubtedly a source of much useful information for future students ("Universities 2003," Cover, Nov. 17). For the most part, clearly quantifiable data is analyzed. But some elements are more subjective, the most surprising and unconvincing being reputation. A question about reputation sent to a CEO or university administrator is doubly problematic. An honest person would probably have to cite the University of Toronto, mainly on the grounds of earlier Maclean's surveys; the question is clearly self-perpetuating. Even if the respondent knew (for the sake of argument) that this reputation was undeserved, they would be obliged to give that answer. Secondly, what does it matter that Toronto has this reputation? One of the most important lessons a university can teach is the ability to distinguish appearance and reality. Should Maclean's therefore be encouraging young people to make university choices on the basis of vague subjective positions of lay people?

Shelley Gershwin, Associate Professor,
University of Ottawa

As a Grade 12 student, I am experiencing the stresses of choosing the right university. There is so much that I want from my university experience and there are so many questions that I am unaware of. Which university provides the best education? Which university is the most fun? Which university is really the best? I know that ultimately I am the only person who can decide which university is best for me, but your university guide has provided me with the tools to do so. I appreciate the effort you took in providing me and my peers with an unbiased source of information that we need to know.

Breanne Fennell, Hamilton

I am 17 years old. I am in Grade 12, taking adult courses here. Last week, I spent as much time working as I did at school, and this is not uncommon anymore. I'm trying to make enough money that I won't have to take



out a huge student loan for university next year, but I already accept the fact that a loan will be necessary. Because of my long hours, however, my grades are slipping, and I know all too well that my new average of 83 per cent may not be enough to get me into university. My life has become a Catch-22 of working to earn money for school, but losing marks because I work. I'm a teenager who feels like he's 40. I am Canada's future. I am exhausted. And I know I'm not alone.

Patrick Doyle, Waterloo, Ont.

What purpose do you believe is served by ranking universities? Should the same purpose be served by ranking newsmagazines?

Bill Baergren, Markham, Ont.

Five minutes | More than enough time to feel the pain

Independent Canada's response to the illegal confinement and torture of Maher Arar and Youssef El Zein ("In Spain," and "Back Again," this Office of Information has a special offer. That this backstop minister and his senior officials submit to you, members of the House of Commons, these men ordered for weeks and months. I'm sure it would have been responsible of their policy of quiet diplomacy."

A year of fun

I can relate to and laugh at the stories Paul Wells tells about residence life ("Cheese in the microwave," The Back Page, Nov. 17). I pity those who opt not to live in residence for at least one year. Events such as magical parties (floating the telephone), deciding on cafeteria trips at 2 in the morning—all these goofy things make life interesting and bring together people who become your friends for most of your undergraduate career. You usually get along with people in your program, which helps you with classes and tests and quizzes. Plus you know someone in your class of, say, 500-plus, when that can seem a bit overwhelming. I love hearing about others' experiences, be it from the first day on campus when, as Wells said, he and the rest were herded onto the football field, or the weird neighbour who makes the whole hall smell, or to the first co-eduction experience. These stories should be available to incoming students to show them what a residence experience really is. An exciting and fun—emphasis on fun—year of your life.

Karen Reynolds, Guelph, Ont.

Martinzizing Canada

We should all have Paul Martin's back ("Paul Martin's Ottawa," Cover, Nov. 10). On a scale of 1 to 10, Martin gets a 12 for sipping over juice as former prime minister Brian Mulroney's free trade and GST began to bear fruit. The added income was enough to eliminate deficit budgeting. Revisited that the Liberals were actually spending tens of billions more than the Tories. And many who did decide to blame Jean Chrétien alone for the resultant waste on corrupt practices, greed, social engineering, woo-bying, corruption and incompetence. Paul Martin went along undisturbed, while transforming the deficit into a personal debt and bankruptcy for innocent citizens. People viewed his budget-slashing as confirmation of his genius. The road to 24 hours became a cakewalk. Too bad for the taxpayers, though.

Jack Moran, Ottawa

Let me get this straight: We're supposed to believe that Paul Martin, Jr., who, as finance minister, cut funding to health care, gave tax breaks to the wealthy, kept his shipping company-sponsored offshore and onshore unaccounted conflict between the politicians and the federal government by slushing transfer payments, is now going to save the

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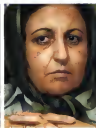
RÉMY & WHATEVER

social safety net, improve our relationship with Washington while maintaining our independence as a nation, create unprecedented co-operation between the provinces and the feds, and save the world's poor. And we're opposed to believe this because Paul, his party and an aging and bounteous rock star say it is not. I don't know about anyone else, but I've got this deep, unshakeable feeling that what's coming will become a mess and he's so or so sure old-time oldies. Just one question: how glib does Mar tin think we are?

Will Webster, Kato, B.C.

Vietnam redux?

Peter Mansbridge's column "Iraq: a new Vietnam?" (Mansbridge on the Record, Nov. 17), in which he points out similarities between Iraq and the U.S. invasion into Vietnam, is really unconvincing. However, the one subtle difference is also the main reason these two conflicts will forever be differentiated. The war with Vietnam was waged on the basis of two opposite ide-



Chrétien comes across as a courageous person

ologies, each possessing an unmovable moralistic and political foundation. The occupation of Iraq can never boast of being such a morality play. It is simply a dirty veiled struggle to gain a strategic foothold

in the oil-rich Middle East and force U.S.-style democracy on the Iraqi people.

Daniel Kishitani, Toronto

Committed to peace

In "Angel of reform?" (Iraq, Nov. 17), *Inter-act* lawyer Steve Fink comes across as a very committed and courageous person, obviously a worthy winner of this year's Nobel Peace Prize. However, I almost laughed out loud when he said she had "never thought of the Nobel Peace Prize as having a political dimension." She is either very naive or disingenuous, because it has been clear from his inception that the Nobel Peace Prize is mainly about politics. While the members of the selection committee recognise many deserving recipients, they inevitably pay more attention to the political statement they wish to make with their award.

L.A. Saunders, Upper Cowville, N.B.

A man of character

In spite of Peter Donolo's laudatory article praising Jean Chrétien ("Never a dull mo-

ment," *Politics*, Nov. 17), I still feel our Prime Minister is arrogant, egotistical and self-centred, and that these are his good points. Charles Crawford, Waterloo, Ont.

Recently, when the superpower headed for battle against a member of the moral evil, its commander called out to other nations, "Come, you are with me or against me, it's your choice." When Jean Chrétien heard those words, he was dumfounded and spoke to his people, saying, "I know his power, so let no man's heart fail him because of any decision to oppose where justification has not been established." When asked, "Who are thou?" Jean replied, "When faced with Goliath, I am your David, and this is our country." At that moment, Chrétien showed a legacy of autonomy, courage and principle, and his country became an adult among nations.

Bruce J. McLeod, Stoney, N.S.

War is war

The Madonn's Excerpt from the First World War chorale of Canadian John Patrick Lee

has ("Dances of doom," *History*, Nov. 16) provides us with an important commentary upon the degradation and confusion of war. As a study of colour, I hope Teahar's poignant dances will demonstrate that the absurdities of war are quite universal, that war as any culture breeds insanity and ineptitude, and that, as Rudinow observes, "That is because that is." In other words, it's time we stopped using the Third World as our Three Stooges

show and started looking at how Western alliances have been poised over centuries of colonialist exploitation. If we seek to magnify the heroism and bravery of soldiers such as Teahar who endured the absurdity and madness of war, why, instead of adopting a condescending dis-

course of subtle ridicule, do we not adopt the same attitude of admiration for the many people in Third World countries who struggle against oppression and tyranny and who deserve the same praise?

Richard Douglas-O'Neil, Hamilton

The Liberals' speed bump

Mark Casey's accusation that Canadians fear social conservatism is a stereotyping of what "Canadians" want (The Mail, Nov. 30). A strong majority of Western Canadians want the socially conservative Canadian Alliance party to Ottawa as Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Casey's disavowal words only drive deeper the sliver of Western alienation that have begun to emerge in separatist parties in the West. Considering that the Progressive Conservative party has made little to no progress since it fell from power in 1993, all politically right-winged Canadians should be thankful that Paul Martin's road to glory has, at the very least, a sizeable speed bump in it.

Bo Hippelard, Vernon, B.C.



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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES BOIS

AWARD-WINNING DESIGN

The prestigious Advertising & Design Club of Canada recently recognized Maclean's commitment to visual excellence. This year the magazine won more awards than any other publication in Canada. Six silvers and 18 awards of merit were won in categories such as portrait photography, illustration, magazine covers and art direction for a single magazine spread.

"It's gratifying that our work has been recognized by a group of extremely well respected design peers," says Art Director, Donna Druggins (with Deputy Art Director, Gary Hall, above). The four individuals sitting as the panel of judges in the editorial and design category were all home-grown Canadian talent. They've also achieved international stature. For example, one of those judges is Joelle Caylor, who studied fine arts in Toronto and has gone on to win awards for her work with *Rolling Stone* and *The New York Times Magazine*.

"The real joy in obtaining this recognition is that we know the service we are providing to our readers is being noticed and celebrated," adds Druggins. "The fact that we've obtained awards in a broad range of categories—from illustration to photography—shows that we have a very strong team of internal design and photo people. We're also committed to showcasing some of the best design talent from Canada—and from around the world."

Druggins is also quick to contextualize her team's role in "telling the stories that our readers want to see and hear." Maclean's readers are interested in a large variety of stories—from how to protect yourself from West Nile to the sex lives of senior citizens—and the design team's role is to partner with editorial to help tell a story visually.

"Considering we were competing with the best publications in Canadian fashion, travel and business, it's wonderful to see a magazine for news lovers win some much-deserved recognition."

Visit www.macleans.ca to view Maclean's winning entries for the 2003 Advertising & Design Club of Canada Awards.

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UPFRONT



World | Trampled by terror's grisly hand

With pomp and procession at the ready, George W. Bush knew he would have the world's attention during his state visit to Tony Blair's home patch. Unfortunately, so did terrorists. The two truck bombs that went off in downtown London—at the front door of a British bank and the British consulate—were vicious reminders of who calls the shots in a guerrilla war that is increasingly more global and chaotic than anything the world has ever known.

In recent weeks the U.S. has begun high-level bombing again of Iraqi targets and stepped up its hunt for Osama bin Laden in Afghanistan. But terror attacks have gone awry—NATO partner Turkey was hit twice last week, with the first killing 23 in two explosions, the second resulting in the deaths of British commando general Roger Ebert and 26

London protesters, topple an effigy of Bush as pomp takes a back seat to tragedy

when while injuring more than 400. The magnitude and timing culped the Bush illar patch that they were in control, not to mention their plea for Europe's other leaders to do more on the ground in the Middle East.

The from a Western triumph, this was a scene that was part Keystone Kops—especially when a linked reporter scoured a temp job as police help, reported on what the Queen liked for breakfast (coral in plastic, halibut cantenens), and said he came so close to the White House assuming he could have killed all its members easily if he were a terrorist. It also brought together the irreconcilable trinity of our times: a massive 100,000-plus anti-war protest, defiant Western leaders smothering their inner Churchillian poses (and repairing a day later for war in Blair's country constituency), and shadowy terrorists dumbing their noses at the West and even their Muslim companions. In this battle for hearts and minds, it seems only innocent bystanders are paying the real price.



Quote of the week | "Our will to defend what we believe is stronger than your will to inflict damage on innocent people." **to Bush Prime Minister**

DON'T BLAME to the terrorist bombers of Istanbul

ScoreCard

A Edmonton: First the Oilers up to the land of Grey Cup which makes the Super Bowl look dull. Then, the hometown prong of media sherry comes on as a lift of leading legends past and present. To show the City of Champions should change up its media. No need.

V Cornell Black: The spokeswoman of the most verbose media (likely to be) in the Canadian citizenship protest is a true to words. Holdings shares—also for that national newspaper not touched by his leadership. To doubt they gained the media coverage the Olympic.

T Canada: Worth to get George W. Bush visit. The Trans-Canada Highway for its annual magazine might be too late if they took public transit, but not before it was. Slowly reaching traffic jam of time, however a choice to pick up dinner on the drive home.

A As It Happens: CBC's Radio 630 in the 25 years of its history, thanks to the quality of thoughtful, the quality and the news to report a changing scene. However, the late Al MacLeod's reading of "The Weather" from an agency and down.

A People's United Bank: Calgary has its status as Canadian bank money though hard to get out of it. It's a good idea to use its services to be in the City. Double standard for a bank that calls along, swimmers, waitresses and secretaries—very different but really nice.

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But don't stop there! Name to your
favourite addition, entertainer, news
event and more.

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MACLEAN'S

UPFRONT

Mary Janigan | ON THE ISSUES



MAKING A DIFFERENCE

A new elementary school in impoverished
Africa could become a Third World model

IT WAS a chance meeting that changed the
life of at least one tiny Nigerian village half
a world away. A 100th anniversary last
year, Simon Fraser University chan-
celor Milton Wong chanced upon Daniel Igbo
on the edge of the crowd. "How," he asked
the Canadian Olympic gold medalist, "is
your project going?" Everyone on the
Vancouver-accustomed Igbo was strug-
gling to raise funds to erect a primary school
in his small hometown of Eruem in the oil-
rich but impoverished Niger Delta region.
Igbo put on a brave front: he said it would
eventually get done. Wong made a snap de-
cision—he told Simon Fraser would help.
Igbo was polite, but skeptical. "I had heard
that from a lot of people, so I just thought,
"OK, this is one of those talks," he says now,
still amazed and touched that Wong kept his
word. "A few days later Mr. Wong called
me—and things started rolling."

Those "things" have now expanded into
a full-fledged university plan to upgrade the
quality of the Niger region's primary school
system. Simon Fraser officers will send a
79-page proposal for funding within weeks
to the Canadian International Development
Agency. And, if entrepreneur and phan-
tasmagorist Wong has his way, this small dream
will expand across Africa: it will eventu-
ally use every Cana-
dian university to adopt
a small town, perhaps in
Nigeria, perhaps else-
where in the develop-
ing world, to improve
schools. "I have a vi-
sion that if we are suc-
cessful with this pilot
project," Wong told
Maclean's, "there is no
reason every univer-
sity could not adopt a
village. We in Canada
have so much."

Rockstar Igbo, who

made an eloquent plea for African aid at
the recent Liberal leadership convention,
would applaud. More importantly, Wong's
scheme fits precisely into Paul Martin's plan
to boost international aid, but limits the num-
ber of recipients and focus on health, politi-
cal institutions and education. In theory,
CIDA has already chosen nine nations as
primary aid targets, including six African
countries such as Senegal, Ghana and Mali,
but not Nigeria. Canada has also pledged
\$6 billion over five years to foster African de-
velopment. But under any CIDA is unable
to focus on any plan. "Every time someone
goes there, they announce a project," sighs
one. "We are all over the map." Check out
the news releases on CIDA's Web site: we
are recklessly tossing any amount to help
effect virtually everywhere.

So what about the school—and the model
it represents? Igbo has raised \$155,000 of the
required \$300,000. He hopes most of the rest
will come from a black tie dinner in Van-
couver next March. Villagers have donated
land and poured the foundation. In a nation
where just 60 per cent of eligible children
attend primary school, this is a big deal.
Meanwhile, with the help of former diplo-
mat John Bell, an experienced African hand,
Simon Fraser has drawn up a plan to craft
teacher training courses, devise curricula—
and he'll also continue to maintain schools.
"Daniel's school will benefit from the system
we put in place," says Bell. "But we also have
to find a way to meet the recurring costs of
the school."

"It'll be worth it," he says. We have poured so much
money to be poured into Africa that it is
hard not to feel "aid fatigue." Wong says
small projects have a better chance than
large schemes. "I don't know if it is going to
make a difference," he begins. "But I could not
live with myself if I did not try." So let's try.
Perhaps we can believe one more time.

Mary Janigan is a political and policy writer
writing regularly for Maclean's and other media.

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WORLD

AFGHANISTAN Acting on a tip, Canadian soldiers foiled a rocket attack on their base near Kabul just as Defence Minister John McCallum was arriving for a visit. The two remote-controlled rockets had been set up in a nearby palace. Kandakistani forces and Taliban insurgents have been on the rise, and the UN pulled most of its officials from the country after a French aid worker was killed in a drive-by shooting.

GAY MARRIAGE Massachusetts' supreme court set off a political firestorm by ruling that gays and lesbians have a legal right to wed. The surprise ruling gave the state legislature 180 days to deal with the issue. Gov. Mitt Romney wants to change the state's constitution to forbid same-sex marriage, but that would take at least three years. Republicans similarly suggested amending the U.S. constitution, a move that could push the debate to the forefront of next year's presidential election.

STANDARDS Faced with a whopping increase in new oil buyers, and an accompanying surge of imported oil, China is set to write some of the world's strictest standards for auto efficiency. The rules should ensure that burgeoning China becomes the testing ground—and perhaps a world manufacturing base—for the next generation of hybrid and hydrogen-fueled cars.



WHAT A CROC Hong Kong's first spectator sports watching an Australian crocodile attempt to swallow a 1.2-metre-long crocodile. A relay that may have been somewhat of a farce, the relay was the only crocodile-themed event to catch it, including a trip to the crocodile's head.

TAIWAN In a usually aggressive language, China warned the nationalist archipelago of Taiwan it "make war" if it proceeds with formal

plans for independence. Taiwanese President Chen Shui-bian warned to make a debate over independence a central feature of his campaign for re-election.

BOSNIA Defence Minister John McCallum said he hopes to remove 1,200 Canadian peacekeepers from Bosnia within a year and turn that job over to European countries.

ABIS With the promise of cheap generic drugs from Canada and others, South Africa pledged to distribute anti-retroviral drugs free to its estimated five million HIV/AIDS sufferers, a move that would still eventually cost nearly \$1 billion annually.

BANNED The Canadian YMCA has joined a growing list of health clubs that want to ban condom-ready cellphones from their premises. The Y said it doesn't want to turn locker rooms into Internet peep shows.

HEALTH/SCIENCE

PREGNANCY British research suggests that women who smoke during pregnancy have a greater chance of their children having attention deficit and hyperactivity problems.

SUPER SURGERY Paralyzed soccer Christopher Reeve can breathe again, without the aid of a ventilator, after surgeons implanted electrodes on his diaphragm muscle to



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BY PATRICK LAMONTAGNE





Caregiving

Caring for someone with Alzheimer's disease is a 24-hour-a-day job. For a family member with that overwhelming responsibility, there is one critical message: Take care of yourself. If your health collapses, you're no good to anyone.

Doreen Kiloh of Regina understands that reality and seems to be doing just about everything right. At 68, Doreen devotes much of her time to the care of Doug, her husband of 53 years. For eight years in the 1950s, Doug Kiloh, now 79, played defense end for his home-

Any family member caring for a loved one with Alzheimer's disease should follow Doreen Kiloh's example to help avoid the stress levels, exhaustion, severe depression, anxiety and guilt that can compromise the well-being of informal caregivers.

"Caregivers often withdraw socially and feel isolated," says Ross Hergen, director of support services and education for the Alzheimer Society of Canada. "Understanding the disease helps the care provider identify ways to cope."

Typical Alzheimer behaviour, caused by changes in the brain, places a heavy load on caregivers. They need support from friends and the community plus information on the disease, and on caregiving and coping strategies provided by the Alzheimer Society. It can be reached at 1-800-616-6816 or through its Web site at www.alzheimer.ca.

"Be realistic about the care you can provide and understand that, whatever you're doing, you're doing your best," says Hergen, who notes that many care providers are seniors themselves. "No one can do it all by yourself. It's most difficult to be a care provider when you yourself may not be in the best health."

As for treatments, the number of approved medications is currently limited to three. But there are many ongoing clinical trials, including those on vitamin supplements and nutrients, such as fatty acids, that may relieve Alzheimer symptoms. "Whether we will have a cure or a treatment in 10 years, I'm not sure," Hergen adds. "But with all the research that's being done, it's certainly very hopeful."

town Saskatchewan Roughriders in the CFL. But six years ago, he began showing the telltale signs of the disease that has robbed him of his short-term memory and yet steadily progress during the remainder of his life.

"I can see my husband slowly deteriorating," Doreen acknowledges. But her philosophy of taking life with Doug one day at a time helps maintain her morale. "We really try to focus on today. When I look down the road, it's too devastating and I sort of block it out."

Doreen has learned the importance of good health and a positive attitude. She swims twice a week, attends regular exercise classes, has adopted more healthful eating habits and maintains her circle of close friends. She laughs easily. She continues her involvement in church activities and when she can, attend the arts in her beloved hobby of painting. "That's my strength," she explains. "That's what I escape into. I'm doing it for me and my sanity."

Doug Kiloh, meanwhile, keeps himself entertained with television comedy reruns, walks with his 14-year-old golden retriever and visits to his club in downtown Regina. But Doreen is painfully aware that she is slowly losing her husband.

"We've got to keep your sense of humour," she stresses. "But so often it's like you're living with a child. I don't have the husband that I once had. That's what it is."

For more information on caregiving, please go to www.alzheimer.ca/caregiving

There are proven treatments that can help you face Alzheimer's disease.



Alzheimer's disease could be staring you in the face. Would you recognize some of the signs?

- Memory loss
- Disorientation
- Problems with language
- Difficulty performing familiar tasks

Fortunately, there is hope. It comes in the form of proven treatments for the symptoms of mild-to-moderate Alzheimer's disease. And since these treatments became

available, many people have been helped to lead better lives.

So if you suspect Alzheimer's disease, call 1-888-370-6444 to speak to a registered nurse or visit www.alzheimercentre.ca to learn more.

And be sure to speak to your family physician about treatment today. It could mean the difference between fearing the future and facing it.

Alzheimer's disease

See the signs. Seek treatment.

Speak to your physician about treatment today.

Mansbridge on the Record



HOCKEY THE COOL WAY

A frozen strip of water, newly shovelled snow: that's the game at its basic best

FOR THE PAST couple of years, we've been living in a small city west of Toronto. And while there are lots of things about this city we miss, we're more than happy about the decision because of a new sense of community we've gained. As they say, small is beautiful, and we found that to be true—especially with winter now approaching.

Our community is a tourist haven in summer, almost doubling in size, so deep winter can seem quiet in comparison. Some businesses close for the season, some residents head south, and through it all, a peaceful calm descends. There really are times when you could fire a snowball down the main street and not hit a thing. But for me, the best part of winter is the sight along the river that runs through the centre of town. I remember one cold Sunday afternoon last January when, far in far as the eye could see, there were freshly shovelled hockey rinks of all shapes and sizes lining from the river. On those rinks were games pitting adults against kids, families against families, boys versus boys, girls vs. girls. It looked like folks are pursuing a career that could capture similar moments in small communities across this country. Hockey in its original form, and frozen a trip of water with the snow stopped inside.

It's what made the concept of an NHL game in Edmonton so appealing to so many. Not just that Wayne Gretzky would be back on ice, but that he would be free with all his old buddies in the open, in the cold evening air just like at those kids who still practice their moves on pond for fun come to assist to come. So appealing that 36,000

“Hockey is under attack for being too boring. Something is needed to reignite the excitement, and playing outdoors is a good start.”

fans bought tickets. Most of them did so months ago, when the idea was first born for a double-header, with an old-timers game and regular season contest to be played under the stars. Part of the allure was simply being there for a spectacle. But part was a sense that this represented the way it used to be in old cities, big and small, and not that long ago: an outdoor rink, where the change of season had an old wood stove you could use to burn your mitts into your neck, where you'd have to shovel the ice over half hour when the snow was falling, where you'd have to stop the game every few minutes to dig through the snowbanks along the boards while both teams tried to find a last push.

These days, hockey is under attack for being boring, neutral zone traps, goalie pads that seem bigger than the net, and star players complaining they'll quit early if some thing doesn't change. That wonderful character of all things Canadian, Roy MacGregor, wrote the other day that last "hockey song" once what is being played is today's profession and not "Who can argue with that? Something is needed to reignite excitement in our game. Playing outdoors is a good start."

Of course, all this nostalgia for the old days—days that still exist on natural hockey rinks like the ones in our own—does have limits. A few weekends ago, I made the 300-km round trip to Toronto for a Leafs home game against the Oilers in the sterile surroundings of the Air Canada Centre. My four-year-old son was so excited when I told him where we were going that he could barely sit. When he saw Mats Sundin, his hockey hero, up close, Sydnie was not only just a disaster moment. That moment, and a father's thrill that it lasted, was something to cherish too. Even with the Jackson overhead, and the Leafs' maintaining that perfect feedback loop.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of The National. He can be reached at pmansbridge@cbc.ca.

Passages

DIED New Zealand-born comic actor Tim Kneehorn, a regular in Ontario's *Show and Stratford* festivals and a memorable Puck in his genre, died after a heart attack at a Toronto hospital at 68.

WON Polly Hornbush, 46, who lives in Muskegon, B.C., won the prestigious U.S. National Book Award, for her children's novel *The Gunning Season*. Hornbush, an American, has lived in Canada for 26 years.

DIED Robert McMichael, a war photographer who made a name in the 1960s purveying brutal guerrilla wars, along with his wife, one of Canada's premier art collectors. His McMichael Canadian Art Collection in Kitchburg, north-west of Toronto, donated to Ontario in 1968, is a shrine to the Group of Seven. Six of the group are based on the grounds and McMichael, who died of pneumonia at 82, will be buried alongside them.



APPOINTED Retired Quebec judge Bernard Gendreau takes up the newly created post of special adviser to the federal government on cases involving the wrongfully convicted.

GUILTY John Allen Muhammad, 42, was found guilty of murder by a Virginia jury in the 10/11 sniper killings, that terrified suburban Washington a year ago. His alleged accomplice, 18-year-old Lee Boyd Malvo is being tried separately.

ACQUITTED Marilyn Chalko, a former seasonal producer of *60 Minutes*, was acquitted of conspiring with two convicted rapists to have three other rapists sexually abused. The judge accepted that she was engaging in a fantasy when she wrote sensational letters to one of the convicts.

DIED Gene Anthony Ray, 41, the tough-lad actor known who made the show in the 1980s movie *Raw* and in TV's *Spinal*, died in New York City of complications from a stroke. He was also HIV positive, his family said.

BIRTHDAY Mickey Mouse turned 75.

OnSpec

Mars' cure

Peter Nicholson, one of the brains behind Paul Martin's success as the deficit in the mid-1990s, is back in the game. He's been hired to be a policy guru, a glimpse of what his likely future looks like. He's been hired to be a policy guru, a glimpse of what his likely future looks like. He's been hired to be a policy guru, a glimpse of what his likely future looks like.

Such as. But first, Nicholson allows that as deeply training is good for the economy but doesn't "fix" most of the problems. He also cautions that the study of childhood and parental involvement, "food news, perhaps, for the time being" suggest John Gofrey who has been pushing the so-called children's agenda.

Good news, bad news. But once you pay for programs that "fund research or group up and fund research," Good news "fund productive entrepreneurs, or reduce human capital." So if you spend money, too much? Not again. He's against increasing "the size of government machine in the economy." A cautious status quo. On prescription: men with legs. Nicholson is quoted as upgrading new technologies and business models. "Today's challenge is to develop jobs and programs to create more capital diffusion" of the latest products "in virtually all sectors of the economy." His Ottawa-based firm is the path to success for business leaders.



Sport | On hockey's most conspicuous pond

For many of the more than 36,000 people who bought tickets for outdoor hockey at Edmonton's Commonwealth Stadium, it was hard to know what was more remarkable: witnessing the purity of pro hockey on outdoor ice, or watching Wayne Gretzky again in an Oilers uniform.

Gretzky, 42, who mowed his skills on what may be Canada's best-known natural rink—the one he has played every winter in his lifetime, Glen, a backyard, played in a legend game against his counterparts from the Montreal Canadiens.



BAGHDAD INBLOOM

With Saddam gone, ALEXANDRE TRUDEAU reports, sanctions have been lifted and life has gotten better

WITH MUCH APPREHENSION, I return to Baghdad eight months after my stay in the city during the March-April war on Iraq. These days, the reports coming out of the country are not cheerful. Violent attacks against the coalition forces are a daily occurrence. Blackouts, water shortages and other hardships continue. However, upon arrival in Baghdad, the mood is not as morose as I had expected.

All day long, attack helicopters buzz overhead. Random explosions echo out. The threat of terror remains. Yet Baghdad is bustling. Even in this martial climate, it would seem that

people are going on with their lives. Those I care most about here, Ammar and Layla Al Saadi, are taking baby steps toward a better life. In my dispatches out of Baghdad before and during the war, I felt obliged to change their names to Omar and Miriam, to hide their identities because of the then uncertain future of Saddam Hussein's oppressive regime. Now, change is coming for them—slowly,

but coming nonetheless. They are fixing up their modest home, so nothing more Iraqi has long been unable to do. New pants and new appliances are not the only additions to their household. Ammar has built half a dozen berberkas and has filled them with colorful canaries and doves. As usual, his garden is in bloom, and now resonates with delicate chirps.

The cause of this burgeoning renaissance is not so much the American occupation as it is the departure of Saddam—and, with him, the end of his tyranny and the cessation of the West's crippling sanctions against Iraq. When grand portraits of Saddam once hung, the Americans have installed huge banners. They show hooded Muslim faithful swirling around Mecca and bear in script on Arabic: "The Coalition Forces wish the people of Iraq a happy holy month of Ramadan."

Driving down one street, I am surprised to see an oval painting, hanging beside a shop, of a young *Blackbeard* wearing a green dress, a strange sight in Baghdad indeed. It is the courtesy of a group of artists who have

been making a living painting Americans for the U.S. troops. One artist's shop is filled with portraits of high school overboarders. Saddam grew from the photos to paint and, as we talk, he puts the finishing touches on a portrait of a very beautiful baby, dressed in pink. In an open courtyard around the back, I stumble on the most striking of all: a two-story high painting of a Second World War grant holding a coffee cup. The caption boldly says: "How about a nice big cup of what the fuck up?"

In the early days of the occupation, Layla sought out the American troops. "I had none of them in my house one day," she says. "I gave them water and asked them when we would get democracy and telephone service

back. First they told me they had no clue. Then one soldier explained that American companies would bid on the contracts before anything was awarded, that this would take time, and, in any case, the soldiers were not informed of those things. Those were the early days after the war. Now we don't see them walking around the streets anymore. I don't try and find anything out from them."

WESTERN FORCES are still facing hard-fought resistance. Since President Bush declared intent to major conflict on May 1, 285 U.S. troops have died. And the American pres-

Working by night from U.S. bombing (above left), Iraqi police at a random checkpoint

ence here is increasingly fed by the barrel and mortar with that are popping up all over Baghdad, blocking important streets and cutting American deliveries off from the city. Coalition patrols are done in armoured vehicles at high speeds. "I've a great sorry, they are the most fearful troops that I have ever seen," Ammar says.

Without Saddam, however, Iraqis are able to do things they haven't been able to do in years—if not decades. Spending money is a sure sign of optimism, and Iraqis now have plenty of opportunity to do so. With-out any duties or taxes in place, hundreds of thousands of vehicles have streamed into Iraq over the past months. With all the new cars, traffic is the worst it has ever been in



A U.S. soldier looks out to kids on a Baghdad street. Because of attacks, troops are now more wary of contact with civilians.

haggled. The American with ruler the situation even worse. The vehicles are like herds of cattle, bumping, honking, fleeing where they can, against the traffic in opposing lanes, on sidewalks, ignoring traffic lights.

During the day, the big commercial streets of Baghdad are congested with trucks unloading imported merchandise. Boxes of household appliances are piled high on the sidewalks. On Dec. 1, dates are to be introduced as the borders, so the policemen are stockpiling goods while they can. That Iraqi can afford to buy things at all is testimony to how this country, after so many years of hardship, is still fairly rich. Those lucky enough to have jobs are earning much more than they were six months ago.

Mosques, the people are resilient. Having endured Saddam, they are making the best of this new era, no matter how weird and precarious it might be. As I sit in a packed restaurant, explosions can be heard from the edge of town, but people continue to eat calmly. So long as the violence is directed toward Americans, average Iraqis are completely indifferent to it.

Early in the occupation, the city was rife with theft. Since being re-empowered by the Americans, police are slowly beginning to enforce some semblance of law and order. I spend a day with some officers—a nonchalant bunch pulling over cars to check for stolen vehicles. It's all affable: when a suspect's car won't start, a cop helps him push it, both of them laughing. Later, I accompany the police and several suspects to the courthouse. They joke and share cigarettes, as if thieving and jailing weren't different jobs they happened to have. This is a long way from the grim tension that prevailed here under Saddam.

On the other hand, my contact with the Americans is incredibly easy. As my photographer and I walk toward a mosque to try

to see some Ramadan prayers, U.S. troops appear. Grills faced troops call us to attention. "Do you have permission to be here?" one soldier asks, scowling. I raise the urge to ask him the same question, playing dumb. But when we leave, some angry soldiers follow us, groping their weapons and making it clear that we have to go to their head quarters before traveling elsewhere. We decide that an expression of "headquarters" might be interesting. But we are not allowed in, and the soldiers at the gate seem confused by our request for admission.

While waiting for an officer to sort things out, I make small talk with a Marine sergeant, asking him about the different dangers facing the troops. "We get IEDs, we get TMR," he says, listing off various military acronyms. I ask him for some explanations. "Well, the IED is an improvised explosive device. Like they might replace a piece of cement from the curb with a bomb and just wait for us to drive by. And the TMR is a terrorist master team. They can be shooting on us from a long way away, just shooting into our compounds." A young officer finally appears, gets his "visual" of

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us, and sends us off, saying: "You're good."

Just after the Americans captured Baghdad last April, the city was engulfed in a mad looting spree. Hospitals, offices and schools were looted. Nothing drew more attention than the theft and destruction of the Baghdad Museum's ancient treasures. Nearby, the Baghdad School for Music and Ballet was also pillaged. Scores of antique instruments were trampled and burned. After being slowly rebuilt over the past months, funded by generous grants from Norwegian church groups, the school has experienced further woes, as the deputy director explains while giving me a tour: "Three weeks ago, he says, some Iraqis did happen to gather on the street in front of the school, protesting that they hadn't been paid since the war. U.S. troops showed up and the protest turned violent. In the confusion, vandals descended on the school, overpowering its armed guards. Once inside, they smashed the piano, damaging the instruments and facilities. "I tried to get the Americans to help," the deputy director tells me, "but they told me the school's security is our own business. We already had three guards with machine guns and they weren't enough. How many more do we need?"

RAMADAN is a time of fasting during the day and feasting at night. Every evening I try to eat with different people, since Arab hospitality is never in short supply. One evening, I accompany Ammar and Layla to the home of some older relatives. They are an elegant elderly couple; all their children are grown up and off in faraway lands. After dinner, they take out some photo albums. In the yellow hues of old pictures from the '60s, I see young mothers in brightly colored saris laying out a picnic for their children in a field by a river. There are men with slick hair, looking suave and worldly at the home news. There are parties aglow with attrac-



Men beat their chests during Friday prayers (top); a family breaks the fast of Ramadan with a festive dinner

live ladies and stylish men, gathered around lavishly bedecked tables, singing and laughing in modern-looking houses. This was once Baghdad. I already had some idea of it, but seeing it like this, I am sad and shocked. "What happened?" I ask my hosts. "It is a long story," she sighs.

On another evening, Ammar introduces me to moush, a fish from the Tigris River and a Baghdad specialty. The fish is barbecued

on open fires at the market. While I wait for my meal to cook, an exuberant young man approaches me. He says he has just recently returned to Iraq from Ottawa, and shows me a 3M® he brought with him to tell him. "I can't forget Iraq when I was drafted into the army in 1990. But I am so happy to be back. There is no place like Baghdad. Look at all these beautiful houses. You can't live like this in Canada." I question whether he might be pining for the good life with all his opportunities—Baghdad is still on shaky ground. "Don't worry," he says with a smile. "We will find our way."

YOU SAY YOU WANT AN EVOLUTION

Iran's image, JONATHAN GATEHOUSE finds, is far different than its reality

IF THINGS HAD GONE as once planned, it would be his face staring out from the billboards, murals and bookstores. The Grand Ayatollah Hassan Ali Montazeri, Object of Reverence, second-in-command of the Islamic revolution, author of Iran's constitution, trusted adviser to Ayatollah Khomeini and almost Supreme Leader. A tiny man with thick brows, a white beard and oval black-framed glasses. Now 81, and in declining health, he has a long handshake and his left arm trembles against the side of his chair. But the optimism that led to his falling out with former colleagues and house arrest for the last six

years remains as dangerous as ever. Recently freed, he is unrepentant, and entirely ready to proclaim the new emperor as naked as the old one.

"It's just as poisonous as it was under the Shah," says Montazeri. "The people wanted three main things from the new regime: independence from the American, freedom to be able to say what they thought, and a democracy run by Islamic principles. But now, anybody who speaks out in opposition finds themselves in jail." He talks in long terms, like someone who is used to being listened to, not questioned. As side coaches by his chair with a tape recorder. It's not clear if he's capturing the speech for posterity, or wiggles more in case the authorities again come knocking. "This sort of government where one person acts as the law isn't new in this modern world. We have to control the people," says Montazeri. Warning to Westerners, the ayatollah checks off the current regime's multitude of failings: a failed economy, sky-high unemployment, special religious courts never foreseen in the constitution, the closing of newspapers, the arrests of dissidents, encroachment on international relations. "Politics should be pure, clean and honest," he says. "Reform is just getting back to what we wanted from the revolution in the first place."

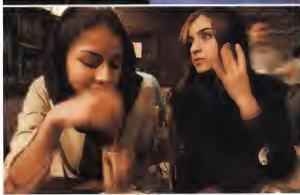


It's almost 25 years since Montazeri and his fellow clerics in Qom, two hours south of Tehran and Shia Islam's theological capital, declared Iran the world's first Islamic republic. Now he can explain whether they made an error. "No, it wasn't a mistake," he says after a silence. "We had a revolution because people wanted something to change—it just hasn't happened."

"THE WOMAN on a sign is like a portal in a shell," says the sign hanging above the food court in a chaotic Tehran. Like most government advertising, it appears to have negligible effect. The teenage girls are push-

ing things as far as they dare, drenched in makeup, wearing form-fitting snoods, their scarves perched on the crowns of their heads. The overly cologned boys condescending for their attention are toggled out in baggy jeans and leather coats—some even sport do-rags and Band-Aids under their eyes like hip-hop star Nelly. Sitting at a table outside Rood, Iran's answer to McDonald's, Negri and Nini, both 16, are cleaning up some North American misconceptions. "We party four nights a week," Negri says in flawless English. Once behind closed doors, the girls lose the chador and hijabs and strut their walt in short skirts and baby-doll T-shirts. They dance to the latest music—Dido, Beyoncé, Creed and 50 Cent—courtesy of the Internet and satellite radio. "People drink, of course," says Nini. "And everybody uses cocaine."

All of these activities are expressly forbidden by the Islamic republic, but neither of the girls seems to fear getting caught. They even have a message for teens on this side of the world. "Tell them we're not the way Americans think we are," says Negri. "We're just like them." Maybe even worse. The enemies of the affluent districts of the capital aren't representative of the life most Iranians lead, but things have liberalized considerably since President Mohamad Khatami and his schismatic colleagues swept to victory in 1997. The grip of the Ayatollah-e-Hollobollah and his ilk remains—the vigilantes who enforce standards of dress and behavior—has loosened. Unmarried couples clasp hands on the street, and foreigners make blow-outs of cars stuck in Tehran's perpetual gridlock. Bandages have become a status symbol as girls proudly advertise their jam-complicated rose jobs, and plastic surgeons also do a booming business in



Montazeri (opposite), woman in chador (top) at an anti-U.S. demonstration in Tehran; Negri (left) and Nini: "We party four nights a week"

breast enhancement and Botox injections.

Downtown, the walls of the former U.S. embassy—at Den of Espionage, as it is known—are still covered with anti-American paintings such as a soldier's head inside of Liberty, but Westerners are treated warmly almost everywhere they go. Panted DVDs of Hollywood films such as *Daddy Day Care* and *Reservoir Dogs* are sold openly. *Don and Jerry* and *The Pink Panther* cartoons are something of a national obsession, and local live shows tuned to foreign stations are visible on almost every rooftop. Absence, it seems, does make the heart grow fonder.

For most Iranians, the nearest therapy that gelled into place after the chaos of the revolution and the bloody eight-year war with Iraq was unexpected and unwelcome. The war, and, certainly, a corrupt and, at times, racist society. Nor is the country particularly devout: compared to many of its Sunni Muslim neighbours—only 1.5 per cent of Iranians attend Friday services, and one cleric has estimated that almost three quarters of the population neglect their daily prayers.

But reform is not a simple proposition. Muzaffari and his elected colleagues are no jihadi, the politicians, would limited power

THE COUNTRY not as devout as its Sunni Muslim neighbours—only 1.5 per cent of Iranians attend Friday services

Their laws, and even their candidacy list, must be endorsed by the 12 senior clerics who sit on Iran's Council of Guardians and control the police, army, judiciary, government appointments, and the press. Above them sits the supreme leader, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, whose word is law. Two other unelected groups confer—the Assembly of Experts, and the Council of Top Clerics—also have considerable influence. In Iran, it's the guys in the turbans who now travel in chauffeur-driven Mercedes and live in plush high-walled compounds. Many have enriched themselves originally since the early days of the revolution, and the fortunes of some powerful clerics estimated to be in the billions.

Why then is the ruling class worried enough to compromise? Demographics. More than two-thirds of Iran's 65 million people are

under the age of 30, most of them born after the revolution, and their frustration with the Islamic republic is palpable. The school system churns out two million high-school graduates every year, but only offers 150,000 spaces in college or university. Unemployment, officially stands at 25 per cent, but is estimated to be as high as 65 per cent for the baby boomers.

Inflation is in the double digits, the currency is virtually worthless (it's too uncommon to see Iranians doing their shopping clanking truck-sized stacks of rials), and despite Iran having 80 per cent of the world's known oil reserves and more natural gas than any country except Russia, even less of the wealth trickles down to the population than it did under the corrupt and hated Shah. The infrastructure is crumbling, crime and prostitution are on the upswing, and the flood of cheap heroin from Afghanistan—two grams cost the equivalent of 95 cents—has created a growing drug problem.

The city of Tehran, sprawling and polluted, slopes down from the foothills of the snow-capped Alborz mountains. The further you travel from the neon gardens and villa outskirts, the poorer it gets. By the



Iran has an elected parliament, but supreme leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei (left) holds real power and senior clerics are the ones in control.



Their biggest worry isn't finding time to shop.

For these who are alone and vulnerable. For those whose tables are bare. For those who have lost their way — every drop in the kettle counts. This season alone, The Salvation Army will provide over 280,000 toys for Canadian families in need and assist 85,000 children and over 160,000 families. Please make a difference this Christmas. Give generously to The Salvation Army Winter Appeal. And Get Behind The Shield.

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GET BEHIND THE SHIELD



line you get with the Saleh Abad neighborhood, within swarming distance of the main refinery, the roads are dirt, and chickens peck through the trash-filled ditches. After a quarter century of Islamic rule, what once hopes people have had far better lives have been abandoned. The recent changes count for nothing when you are struggling to feed your family.

It's late in the afternoon, and workers at the local bakery are busy mixing flourbed. Just at dusk, a 20-foot-long wind paddle to move browsing pieces of dough around a giant gas jet goes on. Ho dad sends to the counter, his cousin would beside him. We talk about the next parliamentary elections scheduled for February, a vote irreversible as they must win or the reform process will die. "I used to have lots of hopes," Aziz says. "The first time Khatami was elected, I voted for him, that he's just a puppet." Politicians get elected, they become rich, and they forget the people, he says. Doesn't anybody try to make life better for the people in Saleh Abad? Aziz scoffs. "There's one guy from the bari who claims he's here to help us, but all he wants to do is screw the women." Customers are lined up in the counter, and he goes back to the oven and turns up the heat.

THERE IS NO LOCK on the door of Minoush Dzhamski's bookstore office. In fact, there isn't even a handle. This may have to do

with the fact that anyone wanting to rob him would have to be insane. Crozier once told him so.

Mention of Dzhamski's four years on the front lines of the Iran-Iraq war, starting at age 16—master skills, a halberd, photos of dead comrades—are scattered about the room. Since returning home when the conflict ended in a stalemate in 1988, Dzhamski has devoted himself to keeping the memory of his friends, and the Islamic revolution they fought for, alive. He publishes magazines filled with pictures of war wounds and corpses, and articles preaching against any

WHEN student protests flare up, it is the militias that eventually restore order with the aid of sticks, fists and guns

accommodation with the West. "The Americans are trying to take power everywhere, and we're trying to avoid it," he says.

Until recently, Dzhamski was a leader of *Ansar-e Hezbollah*, one of the toughest militant right conservatives to use kidnapping, drilling in law. Members don't wear

uniforms, but are readily identified by their beards, unbuttoned shirts, large flesh-toned rubber rings, and indifference to soap and water. When students protest, they flare up, as they did in 1999, 2000 and this past June and July. It is the tradition that eventually restore order with the aid of sticks, fists, and guns.

"These things are natural in a politically energetic society," Dzhamski says, firing me with a thousand-yard stare. "In the West your young people beat each other up for a ball. Here we do it for less. We're much, much further ahead." In September, militia members expressed themselves by hoisting our windows at the British embassy in four separate attacks.

Something in the wind, however, and Iranian hard-liners are

adjusting their tactics. Recent decisions to allow the International Atomic Energy Commission access to investigate whether Iran is trying to build nuclear weapons, and to provide the UN with the names of some of the suspected al Qaeda members the government has jailed or deported, suggest a new openness. Dzhamski has abandoned drug-peddling (his first short is entitled *Death in America*) and may be considering a run for political office. "Every movement or organization should know the condition of the times. And the person who wants to fight has to know all the tools," he says cryptically. Efforts to clarify are met with a curt "We want to kill Genghis Khan" in English, and a tooth-baring smile. The changes are more subtle in some quarters than others.

It's difficult for a foreign journalist to find any mainstream conservative who won't at least pay lip service to the need for further democratic reforms. "Nobody wants Iran to be isolated in the international arena again," says Jafar Hashemi, a cleric who runs the conservative *Emrooz* newspaper. "The Iranian people will find their way to democracy. They prefer to be part of the global society." Incidents like the beating death of Canadian-Iranian photojournalist Zahra Kazemi are widely regarded as anachronisms, he says. "A lot of people in the ruling class aren't comfortable with the hard-liners in the judiciary. These people have to

find a way to go along with the reforms." Hamid Reza Teyfiki, head of Moudet, a hardline conservative coalition, argues that politicians should spend more time concentrating on the economy. "Our priorities should be fighting corruption and unemployment," he says. "Freedom of speech is already guaranteed in the constitution." But Teyfiki says it would be counterproductive to start rolling back reforms at this point.

Iran's quarter-century of international isolation has in some ways been beneficial for both sides. It's given the West an "Axis of Evil" bogeyman to take on. And it has allowed Iran to perpetuate the fiction that as people who actually support the Islamic republic. While not even close to being friends, the U.S. and Iran have long maintained back-channel dialogues on a host of issues, and the ayatollahs agreed to any out of the wars in neighboring Afghanistan and Iraq. The problem for the West is knowing when it is being played. "Duplicitous is official Iranian policy," says one Tehran-based foreign diplomat. The carrot-and-stick approach suddenly seems to be yielding results, but there

'REFORMS' in the West took 300 years to set up. Here we have 2,500 years of kingdoms and history to overcome.

are no guarantees that this new openness will continue. "Confrontation is really there, burning right behind the issues," says the diplomat. "If the Iranians don't see the concrete benefits of co-opting, things could go right back to the way they were."

The most difficult question about Iran is whether the last five years have been some sort of soon-to-be-renamed Tehran Spring, or the prelude to another seismic shift in government. Mohammad Ali Abtahi, Iran's vice-president and Khatami's right-hand man, is a cheery, chubby man with a black turban, expensive gold watch and fine shoes. Sprinkled on a leather couch in his office, he argues that real, irreversible change has already happened. In a camera-ready country,

he chooses a film metaphor to make his point. "In the long shot, we've succeeded. Now we have to take the closing credits." Foreigners and many Iranians, especially the young, are too impatient, he says. "The reforms in the West took 300 years and two world wars to set up. Here we have 2,500 years of kingdoms, and a long history to overcome."

Outside in the streets, however, people aren't necessarily willing to wait that long in Tehran's historic Vah-e-Air Square, young men squat against a brick wall. They are laborers, migrants from the rural parts of the country, waiting for work. Most say they are lucky to get a couple of days a month. "Our families can't afford more than one meal with meat in a year," says Mohammad Khatami, a 25-year-old. "We've been here since the morning to sit in right and get nothing, no jobs, no food. We have to feed our kids." The hard-liners and the reformers would do well to pay attention. Revelations have started for less.

Jonathan Gatehouse (@jgatehouse) on Rogers.com



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CULTURE VULTURES

Entertainment, not content, ruled at the Liberal convention, says RICK SALUTIN

THE LIBERAL leadership convention, as a friend called it, came down to a confrontation between two men, representing different generations and world views, one looking proudly to the past, the other gazing hopefully toward the future. They split the two evenings: Thursday night belonged to Paul Anka, Friday night, to Rene

No, seriously. It shouldn't be a surprise. We live in an age of culture. Some may say it's an age of business or economics, but consider the ice time. When Jean Chrétien opened the House 40 years ago, newsmen might have a page on entertainment, mainly movie ads. Now culture fills more space than business does. Newsweek covers show actors, even authors, as much as politicians. Two words: Ronald Reagan. One more: Arnold. People treat their mastery of movie trivia as serious form of knowledge. Images fill their days: TV, DVDs, MP3s, ads, station on the elevator, lavatory crowds out reality. Most kids would not grow up to be authors, then surgeons—and then politicians. Back then, the word culture barely existed outside anthropology courses. At a political convention, there might be a moment of entertainment as filler, then back to the real thing: speeches, debates, backslapping. This one was real: to watch culture. On Paul Martin's final, triumphal night, he was the only one who didn't sing (along with Bono, the exception that proves the rule).

Still, it took me a while because I went to the convention preoccupied with one question: what was the source of Martin's appeal? What is it about this 63-year-old, earnest, every-white-guy-but-cause-he-has-lambs-to-get-work-in-the-kitchen-at-the-sound-of-his-name, and vibrant youth-to-high-five-deliciously-during-dilemma-solutions?

I asked Sheila Copps, Martin's only rival for the leadership. She said it may have to do with him being a successful businessman—an answer that would not have occurred to me and is a real ironic shot Copps at culture elitism in this age of culture. But



On his triumphal evening, the non Liberal leader was everybody's favourite Martin

businessmen have been culture hares for the past 20 years of free trade and globalization, and Martin is in their lean, mean, plant-chasing, money-making mould. We may win in culture but respect will accrue to capital. Didn't Martin, according to the *Times*, bring a youthful impulse in the 1960s to do good in the Third World, after businessmen and powerbrokers Maurice Strong advised him to climb the corporate ladder instead as a better route to future political do-gooding? (Making Strong sound a bit

like the scammed whore taking Nancy Hill under her wing, and leaving us to wonder if his advice was really for the good of Paul/Vince or the Strongs of the world.)

I also asked Pat Gossage, who served as media coach for Pierre Trudeau (and who endearingly giggles at the thought: Trudeau needed to be taught anything about TV). Maybe, I theorized, guys like you who have moved on to television, enjoy lives in PR first, a residual Adhema pulse, a domestic desire to contribute politically. That's kind

of you to say," he replied. "But really, as with Trudeau, it's more like hero worship. Not that you think you'll be like them but you'll learn from them. Acquire a thicker skin, a bit of tenacity, in the shadow of a great leader." That's another explanation I would never have considered, though I went through my own long quest for a glowing, instructive father figure.

It's also a reminder that hairless adoption of the leader did not start with Paul Martin. I knew a university student years ago named Thib, an energetic kid who would crawl over them for a chance to be first to shake John Turner's hand when he was Liberal leader. There was massive fervor around Jean Chrétien too, and a cabal ready to dredge their hands in Turner's blood, before Chrétien became boss himself.

And yet Chrétien's night really belonged to Anka. He burst into the upper row of the Air Canada Centre, belting his hit of the '60s, *O Canada*, written when he was 15. The whole Vegas thing is foolish: that's five from a dinner table but song up close. No neck, just collar then face. Bouncing and singing at the same time, somehow, with shrewd shrike, losing folks, pointing from the stage toward people who aren't out there. True by pure belief, and great to watch. Pure is pure. I wanted to hop in my car and drive straight to Casino Rama. Maybe Wayne Newton would be there.

The National Film Board made *Louie Boy* about Anka in 1962, perhaps the greatest documentary ever. A crew went to Atlantic City to chronicle the honky-tonk star's self-mundane move to a U.S. showbiz town. He told them frankly how he married and rebuilt his old family—and self. I had drive to co-ops as Canadian for an American self was potent, and the Canadians rolled it. On a drive across New Jersey, one of his staff questioned why he there and Anka spitback, "You know why?—the film can die. During the explosion, sending free trade edition of 1988, I often thought of Brian Maloney as *Louie Boy*. He moved the social point of thing. Chrétien, up in the stands at the convention, "singing tall," as they say, as that he stood out, looked Louie Boyish too.

Anka sang a Christened version of *My Way*, with verses about gay marriage and jail-free PR. You could guess Anka, who has no evident principles beyond career ambition, doing a version for George W. Bush or Ronald Reagan too, but you could never



The PM's farewell included being serenaded with a Christened version of *My Way*

imagine those jokes in the U.S. Master of fact, for Trudeau's retirement in 1984, Anka also did a concert. *My Way*. It's the one who goes on forever. Maybe he should have turned to the Martin side of the ACC and sang, *Tell Paul I'll be right, as I heard him do—or was it Annette Pinocchio with him—* at a concert in Maple Leaf Gardens about 45 years ago. Calcare ride.

Chrétien had seemed to lose his way for most of his mandate, peripatetic Mulcahey politician but free of the GST, or straining social program. He also mis-

CHRÉTIEN only got one spontaneous standing ovation—when he said, "We did not go to war in Iraq"

placed his own touch, quarantined by a TV town hall where he rained out a witness. (In the convention video, young Jean Chrétien looked strikingly like the young Bono in *On the Waterfront*, or perhaps Bono looked like a little guy from Shawinigan.) But Chrétien got it back in his first year—after Paul Martin officially married and left cabinet—not just with gay marriage, hope and Iraq, but campaign finance reform. Had that law passed earlier, perhaps Chrétien would never have needed to gesture before the big business agenda as he did. He came onstage to Take Care of Eve

ness—culture again speaking truth to power.

He got only one spontaneous standing O, the biggest of the weekend, when he said, "We did not go to war in Iraq." He wrapped up, "If you remember one thing only, don't forget your social conscience." You don't say that kind of thing unless you already did, or almost did, at least for awhile. (In other words "You don't know what you've got till it's gone.")

They tilted Sheila Copps' speech on Friday morning in a cramped space, shabby treatment considering that the convention was culture-heavy, and she has done an impressive job in the culture portfolio. She knew she'd get less than 10 per cent of the vote. She was the candidate of a Liberal party that might have been, had it not morphed into Mulcahey Tories, who were then free to vaporize and ascend to their reward in heaven. Her ebullient husband, Anson Thomas, told her before the speech: "Remember, Sheila, we've got their right where we want them."

This night, back under the big top at the ACC for the convention, Paul and Sheila Martin were uniformly seated over an exit ramp, in up and looking like Dick Vance and Brian Duff doing post-game "analysis" on Leafs TV. All-dolce Ron Scowthorn congratulated Paul on becoming leader, then sang *Proseas* are made to be broken. Chrétien does it again. There were fewer people than at Chrétien's night, 34 hours before. Conventions and conventions, unlike rail conventions, have nothing going for them except

show. There are no surprises, as the show has been well-staged U.S. conventions, where he has become a sensation, always receive a little conflict and surprise in almost like policy or vice-president. This was no surprise of it was said. There was, solely in terms of the trapping, a caricature of a politician anywhere in the arena except the new leader's rising and fall, which were ubiquitous, no content, not even a hollow slogan, social arena on the main everyone knows to be in the Martin area, from now, only one-time Trudeau-era cabinet minister Charles Caccia stood loudly, smoking his cigar, like Victor Burgin, others, like McDonald's Canada founder George Cohen and Maurice Strong, waved Martin again and waved.

Then came Bono. The young Libers in the main area before him were wild, just that was finally proof that they are not needs. He gave an extremely smart speech. He ruffled on why a rockstar would be there at all. It wasn't half deprecation, as some journalists wrote, he was retaining the old contradiction, in a society like ours, between the world's rock, concerning rebellion, and war, a sheer commercial turn. He said he was not a member of the Liberal party or any party (in the early days of rock he might have added I am a socialist, probably a revolutionary one!) He called himself a fan of Canada, including its music. He even knew *The Band* were mostly Canadian. He said alien was still across alive here. He has the romantic news of Canada told by others from the British Isles, like Scots John Gieschen and Tyrone Gahne, the guiding genius of the NFB and the Stratford Festival respectively, that Canada could still fulfill the promise lost in former colonies like Scotland and Ireland. He said the world needs more Canada—sounding like American Michael Moore, also a Canadianophile. He talked about the failure of the West to come through with foreign aid, despite poor nations' debt, the wretched terms of global trade. Paul Martin applauded each point. Maybe Martin is basically an emotional guy, despite all the policy working, maybe he brought Bono in to stiffen his spine for which the audience on him. I was better than any speech politician might give. It sprung from the same impulse as radical sense of human vitality and solidarity, embracing life (through sex and other means) despite and in the face of tragedy, personal or social frustration, enmity and death. He ended saying he



BONO said he was ready to lie down on the tracks to block the new trains of disaster and he thinks Paul Martin is too

was ready to lie down on the tracks to block the new trains of disaster and he thinks Paul Martin is too. I found that image a shock.

Had no one in the crowd earlier that night. He is 74, a towering Canadian and long-time (his term) Liberal back. He recalled Paul Martin's gathering young Libers in the 1990s, in the pool of the Chateau Laurier at the end of an Ottawa day. Martin would sit at pool's edge, dangling his legs and the boys he'd soon see as a child.

Anti was just a show of attack, the next night the 62 boulevard drove young Libers wild

hood boys of polo, the youth before him, epitomizing the day's events: "I was disappointed," Martin said. "It was fascinating," and Milton Martin. He was a kind man, he added, but pompous. His wife said to take the private office. He deeply loved his son (who also had polo). He was one of only two men Milton had known, he said, who loved his son as he did on the lips.

So the son, who clearly loved his father back, may have developed the style of a man with an overbearing, loving dad. A writer, an actor and a newspaperman, with that to decide, really want to know what you think money so often described in an arena spread over by others. It would also account for his lack of a compelling style as a speaker himself.

It is speech that might be leader. "Pride and wealth: A 'politics of achievement' for the 21st century. That sounded more like a return to the 19th century. Martin Hargreaves pulling themselves out of poverty and success. In French he even called it 'renouveau,' i.e., success. I mean, wherever happened to 19th century models of collective action, socialism, or tips, the power of the people? Martin had a nice moment, when an (misheard) turning phrase died, and he said: 'I've never known how to deliver an applause line.' There it was: his vulnerability (thank forward brow), which is the source, in any way, of a broader appeal, beyond those who get to be quoted by him in private. Then back to sludge: "We know what we can do, we know how to do it, we just want to get on with the job." It sounded like a guy building on his past.

Martin popped into the young Libers' Paul's political party that night to say what a "terrific" convention it had been, such "overwhelming enthusiasm and optimism." Believe me, it wasn't—it was loud and clear, though Paul Martin is certainly entitled to his personal reaction. Next morning he released the text of the speech he wished he'd given instead of the one he gave, the director's cut as it were, a gesture to touch the heart of any writer who had to meet a deadline so suddenly. He may yet join the line of endearing exonerators, sometimes kindly men, Canadian leaders: Mackenzie King, John Diefenderfer, Trudeau, Chretien and others too many to list.

The last morning I was into Dick, whose decades ago strove to teach the heart of America's greatness. He's now a successful, per-

haps I should say achieving, lobbyist after a stint as chief of staff to a minister, and mildly less odd. But what exactly is there to archive about Paul Martin, at least so far? Leaving aside his business success, which is questionable, his big test was taming the deficit. But was courage involved? All the heavy lifting had been done by the time he got there, the "socialization of politics" was complete. Everyone who counted in politics, business and media was on board. Supporting an unbalanced budget would have taken courage by then, you'd have felt like you were firing in public.

He has been brave enough taking money from the poor and university students, and proposed selective abandonment of the middle-class that had employed him. He seemed to honestly regret doing these things, and we may live in a time when people prefer leaders who grudgingly fulfill about such decisions to which they have been told there is no alternative—over leaders like Mike Harris who appear to enjoy them. But we have no idea whether Martin would take on anyone who "counts," like corporate Canada or the U.S.

(aside from one unavoidable symbolic rebuff to a clumsy and arrogant bank merger?)

One of Martin's mottos is the democratic deficit. The movement was told in the light, too, a controlled, unspontaneous exercise in power and domination, lacking any debate or consent. Zero. For a guy used to adoring the free flow of ideas, it was a model of authoritarian clamping down. By default, all

DELEGATES had little to do but wander the hallways, rather than discuss, oh, say, Martin's inclination to join Star Wars

was left on the leader like a hurricane. Delays had gotten down to fill with little to do but wander the halls, rather than discuss, oh, say, Martin's inclination to join Star Wars—though there were plenty parties when the chips were down. Maybe that was because a win-win power to sort of a billion lire—very lire—in Nietzschean terms

(aside from some scattered good intentions, there's nothing left. The Liberal party has transformed from left to, or in any case, more, neo-con body—but what for? What remains of its purpose? Is it just about stylish Ottawa houses and a handful of cabinet posts? What price is that?)

Martin's quiet power, says Pat Gossage, he's an odd combination of indecisive and forceful. Another Nietzschean phrase, the will to power, keeps coming to mind, mostly because it's hard to say what else the big Martin push over the last decade was for. Maybe sometime in the future, everyone will get to be central and respected and admired. But for now the way it all devolves on the strong leader who takes power with need to declare any center, fresh embracing and a bit infatigable. Surely, as Freud wrote, infatuation was meant to be overcome. I don't mean to say there is anything deeply sinister about Martin and his cult, nothing about the lines of, say, a Muskoka. It's far more lightweight and breathless, like, say, an Enya. That would be the musical, not the actual leader. **M**

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THE BLACK PERILS OF GREED

'Within his imperious bearing thrives a decisive inclination to avarice'



AFTER CONRAD Black's career soured last week, I thought back through the book I had written about him in 1982, when he was only 38. He was flying high then; I called him the Bushchancellor Man, and his future appeared limitless. He had just completed his daring takeover of Angus Corp., making him the \$7 million he inherited from his family was one of over corporate issues worth \$4 billion, using tactics that I recorded as requiring "the balls of a civil horse."

Had spent most of four years interviewing him, but I still remember the child I felt late one evening, sitting in his splendid Angus headquarters, when we got on the subject of greed. "The darker side of Black's nature," I wrote later, "is governed by a brutal certainty that he is somehow exempt from evil intent. There exists a mile-wide streak of righteousness

in the man, a glint of self-confidence that transcends that of the small angorose. Within his imperious bearing thrives a decisive inclination to avarice."

"Greed," he confessed, that long ago evening, "has been severely underestimated and denigrated, unfairly so, in my opinion. . . . It is a motive that has not failed to move me from time to time." Little did he realize how profound a foreshadowing of his own destiny that would turn out to be.

Remembering when I wrote two decades ago, I was particularly struck by the number and intensity of Black's operations from his home, Napoleon Bonaparte. The most telling comment appears near the end of the book: "I have always felt," said Black, "it was the compulsive element in Napoleon that drew him to conquer and greater undertakings, until he was bound to fail."

That prediction came true for his own life last week as Conrad, by now Lord Black of Crossach, was forced to resign from his exalted perch at the summit of the Hollinger media conglomerate, after a special company committee found that US\$32 million in non-compete payments it were made to Black and others without proper approval or authorization. Black denies any wrongdoing, promises to repay the money, but regulators are investigating. His resignation comes less than a month after the dramatic credit review announced by Moody's debt-rating agency on Oct. 30 because of Hollinger's "questionable corporate governance practices," calling fears that the empire might default on its debts.

It seems difficult now to recall that as recently as 1995, Black was riding high over the world's third-largest media empire, publishing 500 newspapers with a total daily circulation of nearly five million. In 1997, Hollinger boasted revenues of more than \$3 billion annually and net profit topping \$1 million every two days. Black's corporate structure, then as now, was a complex maze of pretzel, designed to make the internal money trail virtually impossible to follow. It



As recently as 1995, Black was riding high over the world's third-largest media empire.

ultimately led to Blackstone Corp. Ltd., Black's personal holding company, which took in most of his earnings while exercising stock control over the entire maze.

In retrospect, Hollinger's weakest link was the decorative but strategically ineffective roster of independent directors and advisory board members Black recruited. They included Margaret Thatcher, Henry Kissinger, his onetime Executive Council member, Chaim Herzog, a former president of Israel, James Thompson, a former governor of Illinois, Lord Carrington, the former secretary general of NATO, Richard Perle, one of the architects of George W. Bush's Iraq policy, as well as half a dozen other British lords, plus the Italian entrepreneur, Giovanni Agnelli. They constituted Black's private court, or rather that he used to make winning firms, especially bankers willing to extend him credit.

What could about these gentlemen that not a single one of them (except Agnelli, who ran Fiat into the ground) was inclined to read a balance sheet well enough to question the irregularities taking place. Even if they had, their average age left them winded by age 60, so that their wisdom was enough to provide energy or political will around the boardroom to force Black to account.

While the court failed, the Lord and his Lady, the former Baroness Annet, lived on a scale that defies description. They entertained at the company's expense. Challenger jet among their sprawling villas in the most expensive seaside section of Palm Beach,

Fla., a luxurious Park Avenue apartment in New York, their Toronto mansion with its 18th-century chandelier throne, and the four-story, 11-bedroom London mansion Black purchased from the renegade Australian financier Alan Bond for \$7 million. "I have an acquaintance that knows no bounds," Lady Black admitted last year in an interview with *Vogue*. The couple became society darlings on two continents, bestowing their exalted presence in the manner of latter-day royalty. Wherever Conrad and Ann went, a coach and a butler preceded them to assure their every comfort.

It was little so much noted that spoiled a With these say by "The Friends of Conrad

THE couple became society darlings in two continents, bestowing their exalted presence in the manner of latter-day royalty.

Black (once *Money* magazine), which revolved in the golden couple's exploits. When it came on line, its anonymous authors/bound, mentioning their hero's convoluted prize. "Let us say that we are all impressively proud to be the owners of the Black and his lovely wife Barbara Ann Black. Indeed, who wouldn't be concerned with any consideration that prodigious political justice and polygraphical peripatetic pre-entertained?"

Conrad Black's corporate career has been frosty, if not permanently halted, but the Hollinger scandal is just beginning. One of the unresolved mysteries is how Hollinger International could justify paying him and his senior executives through Blackstone US\$340 million from 1995 to 2002, a period when Hollinger's newspaper holdings dwindled to only three northwale titles. His compensation was more than the total of the CEOs of the New York Times, the Washington Post and the Chicago Tribune.

As well, when Black sold his Canadian papers to CanWest for \$3.2 billion, he, Raytheon and three executives received \$40 million as part of a non-compete deal. That arrangement prompted a outrage from Hollinger International's biggest minority shareholder, New York investment dealer Tweedy Browne Co. LLC, which owns 18 per cent of the company. Hollinger received "no direct benefit" from the non-compete agreements even though the company "was the entity which owned and sold the assets," Tweedy Browne said in a securities filing. The due to why Black and his associates wanted this money diverted into their own instead of corporate payment is that such payments were an exception. (At this point, investigators may also want to examine why Hollinger Inc. issued, without a readily explainable reason, a special cash dividend in 1997 that resulted in Black pocketing \$70 million in his share.)

In this ongoing process, Black has had some 100 million shares, which Hollinger's troubles started and his investors began to suspect he might be forced out, the price of Hollinger International's shares has increased by 30 per cent. At the same time, while he is barely staying afloat, Rupert Murdoch, his chief competitor and one-time equalizer, has reported a corporate earnings increase of 160 per cent in the last quarter.

Every once in a while the great peevish spirit out of Conrad Black, and it's tragedy, for him and for us, that he hasn't lived up to his potential as a model entrepreneur. Instead, Black must live with the verdict also pronounced on him by the world of Silicon Valley's aggressive operators. "He has a diary of visions," said one of Clark's engineers, "percepted by the finest form of greed." ■

Peter C. Newman's weekly appears monthly (penned by Peter C. Newman).



BUYING CANADIAN IS SMART

Domestic stocks will outperform U.S. equities as the greenback falls

SUCCESSFUL PERSONAL wealth management is about identifying longer-term investment trends and buying securities in the likely winning asset classes. Get the big picture right, then fill in the foreground. As regular readers know, for three years I have maintained that the big trends are:

1. Nasdaq's current 10-year bear market will eventually prove to be as brutal and lengthy as the 13-year Japanese stock market collapse.
2. Long-term bonds are the winning asset class until there's a new global economic re-

covery. Therefore, bonds deliver lower returns than high quality, dividend-paying stocks and commodity-oriented stocks.

3. Canadian stocks will outperform U.S. stocks, partly because the Canadian dollar's bear market will end, to be followed by a big rally as the American dollar enters a long-term bear market.

The hard part is convincing investors that such stocks will not soon return to sustained market leadership. This year's tech rally has convinced many that the giddy days are returning. What I call a Triple Waterfall collapse (the stock chart pattern first seen at the Great Crash of 1929 and more recently seen in such debacles as the 80-per-cent plunge in Japan's Nikkei index) has been unfolding again in picture-perfect fashion for Nasdaq. In terms of time to completion, the agony for that index has barely begun.

Since the Nasdaq pattern has followed the Nikkei by a decade, this year's action in Japan is instructive for tech behemoths. According to the London Financial Times, the Nikkei has achieved something remarkable even by Triple Waterfall standards: It fell below its 30-year moving average. That means an investor who got equal amounts in that market every year starting shortly after Gen. Douglas MacArthur left the country was a loser. Given the Nikkei's current powerful rally, it may finally become the bottom. If the Nasdaq/Nikkei pattern holds, Nasdaq will reach its final resting place in 2013, or thereabouts.

While long-term bonds give splendid returns during the global equity bear market, they become seriously overvalued in May and

June, when there was widespread talk of deflation. At current levels, long-term bonds look less attractive than most stocks. Why? Because central banks worldwide have driven short-term rates to multi-decade lows to prevent the recession from becoming something worse. They did this by expanding money supplies even as credit demand was plunging because of the economic downturn. Then, apart from the Bank of Canada, they kept pumping in money even after the global economy started upward. All that liquidity has worked: fears of deflation will soon change to fears of inflation—which is poison for bonds.

As for Canadian stocks (as measured by the TSX or Nikkei, which is really a Nasdaq stock in Canadian garb), they have solidly

spiral together to reflect unconscionable damage on investors, despite the unquestioned professionalism of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

In the case of Canadian dividend-paying stocks (which should be the overwhelming majority of what anyone but a speculator holds), there's no contest with American equities, because of the illiquid U.S. credit. The TSX has a greater percentage weight than the S&P 500 in the stock sectors that have held up well in the bear market and will do better in the next bull market. Among these groups are oil and gas producers, gold and base metal stocks, railroad and shipping companies and financials.

To those who argue a strong loonie is a negative for Canadian stocks in general, think again. Look, for example, at the powerful performance this year of the Big Five Canadian banks that are underbought in the U.S. They keep reaching all-time highs as Americans lead up an excellent campaign paying excellent dividends in what is now an excellent currency.

And to those who argue that this year's tech rally is a sign that happy days are here again, think again as well. The tech bounce is only a response to frantic money supply growth—when there's loss of loose cash around, speculators shoot big. But U.S. money supply growth has shrunk remarkably

TO THOSE who argue a strong loonie is bad for Canadian stocks, think again. To those who say this year's tech rally is a positive sign, think again as well.

in recent weeks, as the economy gets rolling. That 7.2 per cent third-quarter U.S. GDP surge means that what money the Fed creates will now be going into the real economy, not gambling on tech. The global economy, led by China, is strengthening by the day. Demand for commodities will soon push their prices to levels that see "tech staff as dreamers are made of."

The big picture grows more and more obvious as the shadows subside into the background.

Donald Cose is chairman of Haver Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jovis Research Investments. dcose@haverinvest.com

Breakthrough



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'MAKE YOURSELF THE CENTRE'

A guru reflects on work in 'absurdly exciting times'

TOM PETERS is mad as hell. The management guru, speaker (and pro), and author of 11 books, including the best-selling *Search of Excellence* and the new *Re-Imagined*, spoke live with *chatelaine*'s National Business Correspondent Kathrine Macklin.

What is making you angry?

These are absurdly exciting times. Virtually everything is being reinvented—or reimagined—and for many people are still hiding behind their desks, not willing to embrace the madness of the time.

You wanted to resign your MBA. Why?

I took this fabulous accounting course taught by Stanford's esteemed MBA dean. Then, 30 years later, I was nominated watching him testify on C-SPAN as chairman of Enron's audit committee, saying, "I didn't know what was going on." I was furious.

What explains these corporate scandals?

We've all ways been at the top of the league in greed. When extraordinary times occur, you get some crises, and people break the law. I don't condone it in any way. On the

other hand, it's totally quite boring in terms of how companies act.

Many people are outraged by it. Are you?

I'm outraged that in Enron's case, Mr. Skilling and Mr. Lay were selling their stock while there was a freeze on getting out for normal employees. I'm not outraged that people in Silicon Valley let and lost the firm. That's capitalism, and that's life with me.

You make a link between 9/11 and the business world. Can you explain that?

Whether it's Sears vs. Wal-Mart or whether it's the United States vs. terrorists, we're all ways prepared to fight the last war and rarely, if ever, prepared to fight the next one.

Walt Disney may not like the comparison.

An entrepreneur is a clever case of someone. An entrepreneur discovers a vulnerability in the establishment.

Was 9/11 an attack on U.S. capitalism?

It clearly was. If you believe that America is the ultimate State, what better symbol—and real way to attack State

You talk about "renewed individual responsibility." Tell me what that is.

It's "make yourself the centre," not because you're an ego-maniac, but because there's no big company anywhere in the developed world that's going to guarantee anybody lifetime employment anymore.

Where does globalization fit in?

Our economy is going berserk. Productivity is fabulous, growth is somewhere between good and excellent, and there aren't no jobs. Globalization has been brought home to most of us because of the jobless recovery.

What's the picture five years from now?

We know who's going to lose the jobs, we don't know where the new ones are coming from. We in the developed nations have successfully maintained an idyllic atmosphere. We—Americans, Canadians, Swedes, French—have been able to hold onto these insanely high wage differentials, and the unearned advantages of having been born in Canada or America may be about to evaporate. People are going to have to take charge of their lives again from big corporations in a way that they haven't in the past.

Let's play word games. I'll say a word and you give me your response.

Moss: The joy of crazy people who believe they can topple authority. Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak [Apple's founders] believed they could put a nail in IBM's coffin.

Peters: The only way that any living human being ever loses anything. Ever.

Destruction: Establishments toppled by entrepreneurs. If the big box is in place, he or she will let the cream loose to start the zone all before the entrepreneur does you in.

Good management: Life is all about winging it. The biggest problem in big organizations is too much talk, too little doing.

Big mergers: Stand. The last group of organizations the part of a world of C-levels out fully developed imaginations.

White collar jobs: Struggling from Scott Adams of Dilbert, which does dry.

Job security: A state and a defense.

Executives: A class of human beings who carry a phenomenal amount of wealth and who

enrich aren't paying attention to. **Warrior:** Control everything, run everything, oughta be the boss of everything. **Re-imaginer:** Gen.

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ROGERS



SEND IN THE CLOWNS

On the benefits of an old-fashioned media lynching

Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Dept.



MICHAEL JACKSON arrested. Who'da thunk it? Well, most of us, probably. As news events go, the Santa Barbara County district attorney's plan to charge Jackson with the molestation of a 12-year-old boy doesn't exactly have the shock value of the JFK assassination. Jackson's baby-doling, now-shedding behavior, including a frank admission in a TV interview that he likes to share his bed with children, plus the settlement reached 10 years ago to make a molestation charge go away, made the announcement of this arrest remarkable.

only to those who assume that the rich and famous are always above the law. It may well be true that modern pop culture sets up celebrities just to knock them down, but it's hard to make the case that Jackson has been a victim of anyone but himself.

The case takes its place atop a rather bewildering array of current scandals and sensational crime stories: from the Prince of Pop to the Prince of Wales, Phil Spector's Martha Stewart, Kobe Bryant to Paris Hilton, Bush Linscomb to Robert Hobbie, Scott Peterson to Robert Durst (the Times columnist who admitted to killing and dismembering his 71-year-old neighbor but was acquitted any way by a jury that clearly studied at the O.J. School of Jurisprudence). And that's not even to mention the financial accusations against Barack Obama. The scandal has just gotten so outrageous that more cynical observers might compare them to the full TV

schedule—some shows will fly while others won't make the grade.

More than any other kind of story, scandals highlight the random nature of modern media. Somewhere there probably still exists a newspaper editor who, at the onset of news coverage, should be of a universal importance. The reality is that the news business often resembles a lottery. Stories become prominent because someone recognizes the ingredients of a gripping yarn. Or perhaps a small story nearly overlooked by reporters catches the public imagination, leaving the media horde scrambling to catch up. Either way, it's a good bet that while unfair media coverage can cause harm or a quiet residential street, similar stories are playing out elsewhere in oblivion.

Michael against the music: Jackson's iconic mugshot (above) will be a head-shap classic

Michael Jackson's perverse prominence guarantees that history will get big play. But what about Lao Tzu's? The case of the pregnant California woman whose husband, Scott, is accused of her murder but became a programming obsession for CNN's Larry King Live and Greta Van Susteren on the Fox News network. Tragic though the case may be, spousal murder is not an uncommon scenario. Unlike that previous CNN fixture, the Chandra Levy case (Washington intern disappears, turns up dead), there is no prominent figure like congressman Gary Condit to explain the accusations at round Jackson by tabloids and networks. And yet on it goes: Larry King is regularly replaced by Greta Van Susteren (one of the most obstinate TV personalities working) to discuss every minor detail of the Peterson investigation and trial. For Canadians who have been less attuned to the murder story, the effect can be a little like picking up the sports section of a British newspaper and seeing all the cricket coverage. Who cares?

Of course, nine years ago many puzzled observers were asking the same question about the O.J. trial. Through 1994 and 1995, the O.J. Simpson double murder case set the bar, holding the networks in thrall for months to a degree that seems remarkable even by today's standards.

And yet, when it was all over, the O.J. trial had become genuinely unimportant—and enlightening—in ways that could not have been predicted at the outset. As was famously rounded off every country, the O.J. verdict was greeted in wildly different fashions by black and white America. Although many black Americans rejoiced that white fellow citizens in denying the verdict as a travesty, a great many more celebrated in the streets, overjoyed that a black man could beat the system with easy breezes just as privileged whites so often do. Just a few years earlier Rodney King asked Americans "Can we all get along?" The O.J. implied, "Not yet."



Wild on Jackson O.J. gets busy at over talked TV. On Feb. 12, 1997, Simpson attacked a cameraman with two golf clubs.

Today's fractured media market usually mal treats against British-style episodes, where everybody watches the same televised phenomenon at once and reacts en masse. There are too many channels, too many options, to create a unified public response to anything. Sensational events like the O.J. trial or Sept. 11 manage to over come that fragmentation by focusing many different media eyeballs on the same event, thus re-creating the mass audience that often existed in the earlier days of television.

Obviously the networks, newspapers and tabloids that followed the O.J. case so intently could not have known that in so doing they were creating a de facto workshop on race relations. They were merely sharks in a blood frenzy. Nonetheless, the results were genuinely educational.

The O.J. case had other consequences: it created a generation of addicted media

obsessions. Much of the ensuing scandal coverage—Chandra Levy, Laci Peterson et al.—has been driven by news outlets that have now tossed the crack cocaine that is celebrity crime and are, consequently, desperately in search of the next hit. For network television and 24-hour news outlets, the Michael Jackson case is a godsend, allowing them to dip into the tabloid pool while justifying it as appropriate news coverage—Jackson is, after all, a huge music megastar, a man who once dominated pop music as few others have managed to do. Elsewhere in Britain, the latest Prince Charles scandal, vague and vague though it is, can be offered up as legitimate public business involving the future of the monarchy.

No sensible observer will ever believe that the media's motives are noble as they tell the beacons for any mask. But no one can predict which news event will ultimately

prove significant. The Lindbergh trial in 1935 led to a backlash that banned parents from the courts for decades. Canard on Ron Ford's decision to run a salacious picture of Kobe Bryant's affair on the cover of the *Globe* newspaper tabloid has backfired: a debate about victims' rights. And the 1993 Michael Jackson molestation case, in which the pop star's accuser was reportedly paid a huge sum of money and afterwards refused to testify, led to a change in California law that will make it easier to prosecute Jackson this time around. Now, even if the alleged victim refuses to testify, prosecutors can still use the child's previous statements in court.

Public furies can have unintended consequences. Maybe you should wait that one issue of the *National Enquirer* for posterity.

Steve Burgess is a frequent contributor to *Rolling Stone*.



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FUEL FOR THOUGHT

The Ingenuity Project asks us all to think creatively about our energy future. Fortunately, some very bright people already are.

With so many complex problems facing the world today, how can people make intelligent, informed choices that can, as best as possible, anticipate the consequences for the next generation? The first step is to know the options, and if ideas conflict, so much the better—healthy disagreement is a sign there's a variety of choices. This is the inspiration for The Ingenuity Project, planned as an annual effort bringing together the best and brightest minds from across Canada and around the world to provide practical and ingenious solutions to a wide range of problems, from food production to education to government. **Evan Solomon**, who with his partner in *Realize Media*, **Andrew Haxtonman**, initiated the project, explains why energy is the inaugural topic.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE THINGS—these I was sitting at my desk working on a book about energy when the power went out. My computer shut off. The lights and the condenser stopped working. It was 4:30 pm on Aug. 14. I thought a fuse had blown, but when I looked out the window, I saw no other lights on. Slowly people wandered out onto the street, bewildered. Without electricity, there is very little to do. Life simply comes to a stop. That stark realization came simultaneously to 59 million people as the blackout cascaded across the northeastern U.S. and Ontario.

If the long-term consequences of our reliance on energy are hard to grasp—global warming, air pollution, more oil wars—the short-term consequences were readily apparent. If the blackout had lasted for more than 48 hours, most major cities affected would have run out of water. With no lights, no traffic control, no food on store shelves, no gas for cars or picking up garbage, no businesses running and the government virtually paralyzed, all the jobs that we saw in the first few hours would have given way to desperate survival instincts. In other words, even a simple malfunction can turn our greatest cities into places not much better off than Baghdad.

It's a lesson we like to forget. An earlier blackout rined a similar alarm. At 9:27 p.m. on Nov. 9, 1963, 30 million people across the northeast, from New York City to Toronto, lost power for 14 hours.

Back then, General Electric's ads portrayed consumers they called "Live Better Electrically." With the lights out, people suddenly realized how true that slogan was.

A reliable electricity grid, however, is only part of the equation. We all have to start thinking more seriously about re-inventing our energy future. We can't leave it up to politicians and pundits who can be relied on only to have knee-jerk reactions to a crisis like the blackout. The bigger issue: get lost in the fury. We need to step back and ask one simple question: is there a better way to fuel our future, one that won't pollute the planet, that will be reliable and that will still guarantee wealth and prosperity?

Sometimes it's easy to become overwhelmed when we're faced with a complex problem like energy. After all, what can one person do? The answer might surprise you. It turns out that individuals make a difference all the time. Canada is home to some of the most ingenious thinkers and visionaries in the energy world and they all have innovative, practical solutions. And while most of them are not household names, their ideas can change our future for the better.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS A KEY TO THE SYMBOLS

-  **THINKERS** Deal in ideas, inventors, academics, policy analysts and the like
-  **DOERS** Put theory into practice: engineers, manufacturers, multinationals
-  **SPENDERS** Put up the money: investment bankers, governments, agencies
-  **PROMOTERS** Spread new ideas and/or technologies: think-tanks, free-lancers



PROJECT PARTICIPANTS

The Ingenuity Project, *Fueling the Future* is a unique collaboration. As well as PBS Maclean's editorial package, CBC Radio's Ideas is devoting three consecutive weekdays, starting this week, to the endeavor. On CBC Newsweek, top energy experts devise competing action plans on Nov. 18. CBC News Sunday announces the "winner" on Dec. 1. The public can weigh in on an interactive ca/ fuelingthefuture. And last week, the House of Commons Press published *How the Battle Over Energy is Changing Everything*, a collection of essays edited by Solomon (below) and Haxtonman.



A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Carmanah keeps finding new uses for its solar-powered LEDs



A power source is used for the technology installed by a Toronto-based firm.

THE INVASION of a light bulb blinking on over an inventor's head is a well-worn cliché, but in the case

of engineer and businessman David Green it's close to the truth. The inspiration in his case was an energy-wasting incandescent bulb on his sailboat. After making too many evenings with a drained boat battery, he set about designing something better: the solar-powered light-emitting diode (LED). The result, in 1996, was the founding of Victoria-based Carmanah Technologies Inc., hailed as one of Canada's fastest-growing outgrowths.

The light got better—and Green's marriage of low-energy LEDs and high-efficiency batteries and solar panels has ignited off an ever-growing product line. The LEDs—varieties of the tiny light-emitting semiconductor diode often used as power lights on home appliances—need just 10 per cent of the power of traditional lights. As a result, says company CEO Art Aylesworth, "they're a natural partner with solar energy." Aylesworth

joined the company in 2000, convinced that LEDs "will change how the world lights itself."

Carmanah lights now help assign navigation buoy around the world; they illuminate bus stops and transit schedules in parts of London, England, and several U.S. cities, and they're marking stripways and helipads at several U.S. air force bases in Iraq and Afghanistan. "The company will turn a modest profit on about \$10 million in sales this year, but it's pouring much of its resources into researching future applications." "The Holy Grail in the advancement of the LEDs is general illumination, when we can light our offices and our streets, which is off a ways yet," says Aylesworth.

The quality and brightness of light is steadily improving and Aylesworth believes the purchase price will eventually drop to an acceptable level for mass-market consumers. In the meantime, Carmanah pays the bills by searching out new-line (and industrial) applications. The self-contained light systems can run using as few parts without maintenance and don't have to be wired into an electrical grid, making them ideal for remote sites.

Carmanah's harnessing of solar power has made it a darling of the green energy sector, though Aylesworth cautions it is the prospect of a bright horizon line that initially drew him to the company. "The scaling, the business and the people who have pushed this along are now starting to be created by business people like us," he says with a laugh. "Success is time is now." **KIM KOSLOFF**



LARRY HUGHES,
BRIDGEMORE UNIVERSITY, NAUCLA

Academic and activist head of the How Seattle Wind Energy Project. Involved high-school students in collecting wind data.



NICHOLAS PARKER,
CHAIRMAN,
CLIENTECH
VENTURE NETWORK,
TORONTO

Heads venture capital firm dedicated to accelerating the commercialization of environmentally beneficial clean technology companies.



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A ROAD LESS TRAVELLED

A Kingston firm is developing fuel cells to power homes

NOTHING FOCUSES the mind quite like an crisis. For John Scannard, the critical moment came in January 1998, when the ice storm knocked out power throughout Quebec and eastern Ontario. For days afterwards, merchants and homeowners ring him up at Kingston, Ont.-based Fuel Cell Technologies Ltd., seeking some source of backup power. FCT couldn't help, but the situation got them thinking, says the company's 33-year-old chief executive. "What about a fuel cell designed to power the home? The cottage? The office building?"

More than a minor brainstorm, the idea took FCT in a whole new direction. Launched in Altipower Canada Ltd. in 1989 by aluminum giant Alcan Inc., the spinoff built a solid reputation designing aluminum-based fuel cells for underwater robots—the kind you use on science channels, nosing around beneath the polar ice cap. Then, as Alcan shed subsidiaries in the mid-1990s, a handful of managers and employees reinvented Altipower as FCT, determined to expand what they viewed as a promising

new field. While other firms focused on hydrogen-based cells designed for cars, FCT looked elsewhere.

Their big breakthrough came in 2000, when they began working with so-called solid-oxide cells—built from ceramic materials that produce electrochemical reactions when one side is exposed to air and the other sits in a fuel, such as natural gas. Like other fuel cells, solid oxide units generate water, carbon dioxide and electricity. The difference in their efficiency: FCT's first five kilowatt prototype transforms 40 per cent of the fuel's energy into electricity, twice the rate of conventional systems. It also takes up little more space than a household refrigerator. "In a world where there's competition for natural resources," says Scannard, "something small that uses less fuel represents tremendous opportunity."

To date, FCT has four units on trial around the world, including one in Baden, Germany, that could be a precursor to cells capable of powering standard family homes. The others remain expensive; existing units cost more than \$100,000 each to make. But with at least 26 on order for next year, Scannard believes he can cut production costs in half by 2005, then halve them again by 2007. By then, he says, the publicly traded company should be profitable. "We don't expect our shareholders to pay and pay indefinitely," he says, noting that FCT will likely post a small loss in 2003. Call it corporate optimism. But after years at the mercy of local utilities, power consumers may be heartened to think they won't have to pay indefinitely, either.

CHARLIE GELLS

The Brian Scannard, founder of FCT's solid-oxide units, is seen here.



STEPHEN PROBYN,
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Long-time advocate of renewable energy now leads a number of ventures, including the Income Fund which invests only in power-generating assets that use renewable energy sources such as water, wind, wood waste and landfill gas, the first such fund certified under Canada's Environmental Choice Program.



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VARIATIONS ON VENGEANCE

A Mexican takes us unawares; an American goes straight for the throat

TWO FILMMAKERS, two utterly different ways to tell a story. In *21 Grams*, cool cat Mexican director Alejandro González Iñárritu awakes his English-language feature debut with the kind of time-scrambled narrative that distinguished his Oscar-nominated *Amores Perros* (2000). In *The Missing*, Hollywood square Ron Howard, Oscar-winning director of *A Beautiful Mind*, fashions a big, boring epic by crossbreeding the western with the psychopath thriller, and putting a woman in the saddle. *21 Grams* is a better film—an original, unpredictable, superbly acted drama that keeps us on edge, and off

balance, from beginning to end. We watch *The Missing* with the smug satisfaction of always being one step ahead of the story. We know where it's going; we've been there before. But this spectacle has its pleasures, not the least of which is seeing the filmmakers jump through hoops trying to make a politically correct movie about good white folk hunting down a murderous savage.

21 GRAMS refers to the weight a body loses at the moment of death, which is also the weight of five niches or a hummingbird. Where this trivia comes from, and whether it's true, is beyond me. But a tale that tries to put a metric value on the human soul seems not far from such an oblique dream.

Like *Amores Perros*—which comes from the same screenwriter, Guillermo Arriaga—the story revolves around three acts of crime linked by an accident. Paul (Sean Penn) is terminally ill math professor waiting a heart transplant, while his wife, Mary (Charlize Theron), hopes to become pregnant through artificial insemination. Cristina (Natalie Watts), a recovered addict, is a wife and mother whose husband and two young girls are killed by a hit-and-run driver. The culprit is Jack (Benicio Del Toro), an ex-con clinging to his evangelical faith.

Given how incrementally the story comes into focus, it would be unfair to reveal more. Let's just say this tale of grief and revenge is so dire that, without the time-shuffling sleight of hand, it would play as melodrama. Converting unrecognizable grief into terror, Watts (Melvin/Del Dr.) continues to show that she's one of the bravest actresses in the business. And Penn's riveting performance has a ring of truth that's absent from his overwrought, and overrated, per-

formance in the season's other wrenching revenge drama, *Mythic River*.

THE MISSING offers a soup-to-nuts buffet of frontier formula—everything from a flash flood in the dry gulch to flailing arrows in the arroyo. Set in 1883 New Mexico, it's a revisionist western with contemporary feel, a thriller about a single superhero defending her family against a monster. Maggie (Cate Blanchett), a rancher who's also a healer, has two daughters. One of them is seduced by an Indian seer named Posh-Chiffin (Canadian-born Eric Schweig), who is kidnapping teenage girls to sell as sex slaves. To track down the villain and his gang of mixed-race renegades, Maggie reunites with her estranged father, Jonas (Tammy Lee Jones), who has gone native

after spending 20 years with Apaches.

The script goes out of its way to explain that there are both good and bad Indians. "Everything's copy-paste," says one character. "Those Indians running with whites, whites running with Indians." The story also includes a showdown between Christian belief and nerve voodoo, a high noon holy war of crosses and amulets. Jones is a shambling Tex-Mex Gary Old who speaks three languages. Posh-Chiffin is a demonic character who milks nationalism and wears prototype portraits of his victims. Both men have such pocket-sized faces that it seems the film is not about white skin or red skin, just bad skin.

Jones leads his unlikely character a jagged mile. And as a medicine woman on horseback, Blanchett, as usual, rises above the script. Although it drags on too long, *The Missing* offers an exciting odyssey through moving landscapes. As for Ron Howard, he directs like someone who's always wanted to make a western and doesn't know when to stop. But I'd much rather watch this sort of high-chaparral chase than the same psycho-rundie of *A Beautiful Mind*. **B**



As a frontier medicine woman fighting a psychopath, Blanchett rises above the script

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PLAYING WITH A HANDICAP

An unusual group of golfers taught me a lesson about prejudice

IT IS SOMETIMES difficult to see the positive in how our justice system works. Newspapers and television are full of stories that highlight how early parole or poor supervision of convicts on day passes or in halfway houses have resulted in new offenses. The system is not perfect. But there are positive examples. As part of a restorative justice program, inmates at a minimum-security facility in British Columbia are encouraged to liaise with community groups, which provide them with opportunities to interact with non-offending and supervised programs that enable them to give back to the community, and help

with their eventual reintegration into society. I agreed to participate in a fundraiser for one of the non-profit groups connected to the program, without a clue as to what that would really involve. Never did I think that when I volunteered my time I would end up playing golf with prisoners on a course adjacent to the Ferndale Institute in Mission, B.C. It just had gone from my service to pecking my money where my mouth was.

As we stood off in misty fumes of two prisoners and two non-inmates, they shared

with their eventual reintegration into society. I agreed to participate in a fundraiser for one of the non-profit groups connected to the program, without a clue as to what that would really involve. Never did I think that when I volunteered my time I would end up playing golf with prisoners on a course adjacent to the Ferndale Institute in Mission, B.C. It just had gone from my service to pecking my money where my mouth was.

As we stood off in misty fumes of two prisoners and two non-inmates, they shared prejudices that these men and people, danger, stay away" filled me with terror. My doctor's train, lined into busy language and silence. I was alone and safe. But the men, used to such prejudice, showed an amazing grace. They shared among themselves about ordinary things—improved golf swings, yesterday's scores, the story one that wandered onto the golf course from time to time. This opened a window over a dusty life that I could connect to my own frame of reference. No one was playing around or playing robbery. Gradually, the wall around me began to crumble. Fiercely on my not-so-inspired golf game were offered, followed by praise for correcting my stroke. I was supposed to be offering support and encouragement and instead I was being given it. This taught me off guard and, as we moved from hole to hole, I eventually relaxed. I was embarrassed by my initial stiffness. My team mates, their golf skills and other history impressed me. Without prompting, one of my fellow golfers began to speak about how



repeatedly thanked for taking the time to sit and listen to their stories and their dreams for the future. They showed me carved wooden boxes made in the inmate's workshop and paintings displaying silent I learned. I met the story that had faded some wrong time, and as one often finds out quickly on the lap of its caregiver, I saw a real goodness of spirit.

It did not ask about the crimes each man had committed, nor was the information offered. It didn't matter. Over the course of the afternoon something had happened, I realized I was having a good time. I had to

push myself to remember that I was on the grounds of a federal correctional facility.

I was no longer afraid of those with whom I had played golf, but rather the prejudice of whom I worried about my friends and family about my experience. I wanted to tell them that I'd been a part of something truly special, that I had had a rare glimpse into something amazing in the rehabilitation of these men's lives. I was sad, though, because I knew my story would be met with skepticism. I began to worry about the lectures I would receive having placed myself in this situation. I could see the disapproving looks that would translate into "What the hell? What had she been thinking?" I knew that the moment I opened my mouth, I would be confronting society's dominant attitude that there is an "us" and there are those who have failed society, broken our laws and with whom nice people do not associate. This attitude has ramifications: the golf course was closed a year ago because of public pressure.

I agree that if society is to function properly there must be laws with consequences and accountability. Sometimes, unfortunately, it is true that some choices are not possible. Other times they are. I golfed with those who accepted the rules that they'd made and went to create a difference in how they now live. It takes courage to acknowledge error, pay the price and come out the other side having become a better human being as a result. The sincerity of our conversations convinced me that sometimes people can—and do—change.

I stepped into a situation with a preconceived idea of what I would find. But it wasn't those whom I met that fitted the model society creates, it was me. I was actually so pre-judged, and the story is that I too changed as a result.

Jennifer Cole is a freelance writer in Vancouver. To comment, see blogs.1080.com

CLOSING NOTES

School | On campuses, the mini-doctor is in

It's Thursday night in downtown Toronto, and there's a crowd waiting to get into the latest hot spot. No, it's not a new food restaurant or a posh oyster bar, it's the mini-med school at the University of Toronto. And the 500 students about to hear a lecture called "We Love Our Drugs" are part of a growing number of people living out their ER fantasies.

Mini-med school covers everything from cancer and alternative medicine to the basics of how the body works. And for the not-so-scientist, there's even a tour of the university's anatomy museum. But unlike regular medical school, senior students aren't being tested on their knowledge, there are no exams to pass for, tuition is reasonable and mini-MD certificates are handed out in just five weeks.

The program was developed to help the general public discuss the issues of medical information they're bombarded with every day in the media—and arm them with better knowledge for their next doctor's visit. "There's a gap in quality medical information out there," says Dr. Michael Evans, the co-ordinator of the Toronto program. "People want the tools to be able to make informed decisions about their bodies."

The first mini-med school was launched by Dr. J. John Cohen at the University of Colorado in 1989, and today there are similar programs at over 90 universities in the U.S., as well as at McGill University in Montreal, Humber College in Toronto and the B.C. Research Institute for Children's and Women's Health in Vancouver. "People



PHOTOGRAPHS
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want to live longer," says Mullis Rowan, a 51-year-old bank manager by day and University of Toronto mini-med volunteer by night. "It's great to see what you can do yourself to improve your lifestyle and improve your health." Information, it seems, is just what the mini-doctors ordered. **NANCY WHITT**

Music | Tale of the tape—Nelly vs. Nelly

On Nov. 25, two artists who share a celebrity name will release new albums. But that's where the similarities stop:

NAME: Nelly (AKA, Cornell Haynes Jr.), 25
ALBUM: *Decyfered Reality: The Reckoning*
STYLUS: Decyfered reality as a novelty act with all the sex it has of Sleep (Thang Seng), Nelly and his latest St. Louis hip-hop have put the American Midwest on the map. The look: baggy basketball gangster with a strong set of the sound: infectious hip-hop, mixed with country soul and a flair for creative pop.

NAME: Nelly Kim Taylor, 24
ALBUM: *Collabor*
STYLUS: The bouncy British Columbia with multi-cult attitude and a new baby girl, Nelly, still walks the line between pop and established. The look: Rainbow like mixed with most flapper. The sound: Slightly comical pop, filled by fast-paced and mostly pop. Slightly comical pop, filled by fast-paced and mostly pop. Slightly comical pop, filled by fast-paced and mostly pop.



JONATHAN GURIN



John Intini starts a sentence ... Sting finishes it

Sting isn't nearly as cool as he used to be. His hair is thinning, his beard is flecked with gray, and you could say his muse's gone soft since his days with the Police. But so is *music*, the 52-year-old is as popular with the ladies as ever and has recently released *Saved Love*, his ninth studio album. Plus, the man known for sometimes showing too much information (he likes tennis, sex) was published in *Maclean's* magazine. His recently finished *Maclean's* interview: Reporter John Intini's sentences.

PLAYING TORONTO'S HORSESHOE TAVERN IN 1978 — in a very fond memory. There were nine people at the bar to watch what turned out to be one of the best shows the Police ever played.

I KNEW I MADE IT WHEN — my two (or four) complaints about how I looked on television...

GOD IS — indescribable. I don't believe God is Catholic, Episcopalian, Islamic or Jewish. That reduces the concept to something embraceable. God is larger than any embraceable religion.

AFTER A GUY TURNS UP HE SHOULD — do what he pleases.

RAMONES — was a good album. As for phony parties, I try to never listen to them.

AGING DOESN'T bother me. GOING GREY — in the head? I'm fine with it.

GEORGE W. BUSH AND TONY BLAIR — are strange bedfellows. I'm not a big fan of Saddam Hussein, either.

MUSIC VIDEOS — are limiting to the viewer. They only give a director's version of a song and leave little for interpretation.

A REUNION TOUR WITH THE POLICE — isn't necessary.

Condos | Living the high life

Architect Robert Stora doesn't mince words when explaining the significance of his new Toronto condominium project: "What is not typically Torontoan about this building is that it's not boring."

The latest star architect to hit the city, Stora, 54, is a Yale University dean and a respected designer, who won Montreal's golden-era apartments of the 1960s as his inspiration. His plan for Toronto is a 29-story complex, Deer St. Thomas, that has a steep-sloped silhouette style similar to the Empire State Building. "It will be a great place to live," he says, "but also an architectural landmark."

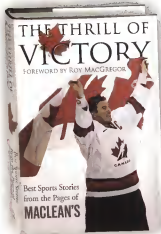
For those shelling out the \$1.3 to \$10 million and price, what on the inside may be even more important. Such marble bathrooms and granite-clad kitchens will be standard. But buyers will also be given the amount, yes, reasonably timely, promise of being able to customize their floor plans.

This is all beyond the walls of Deer St., but, as the brochure says, if you find it "boring" to know that Deer is just around the corner, this may be the place to live for you. KAREN MURPHY

The complex's units start at \$1.3 million



Great moments in sports deserve great coverage.



From Stanley Cup wins to great moments in fishing, *The Thrill of Victory* explores Canada's sporting past as it's been documented in the pages of *Maclean's*.

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Film | The fine line between fact and fiction

Depending on your tolerance for sentimentality, *In America* is either a contrived sappy tearjerker that should only be consumed on late Sundays by the Life Network, or the heartwarming story of a modern immigrant family's struggle to stay afloat in New York. The semi-autobiographical film from Irish writer John Sheridan (*My Left Foot*, in *The Name of the Father*) stars **Paddy Considine** and **Susantha Marston** as Johnny and Sarah, a poor Irish couple who move to Hell's Kitchen with their two young daughters (real-life Irish stars **Sarah and Emma Bolger**). After reading a diary comment that his life as Sheridan depicted the camera in intimate, the family behinds their obviously troubled neighbor (Djimon Hounsou). As the story unfolds, the audience learns that Johnny and Sarah's infant son, Frankie, died of a brain tumour—the motive for the no-fear Ireland for Manhattan. While the rest of the family attempts to move on from the tragedy, Johnny finds himself mixed in it. His relationship with his wife and children sours, which

"I've got nothing to apologize for. It's a drama, not a biography."
—JOHN SHERIDAN
CO-WRITER OF *IN AMERICA*

ruins his creative aspirations as an artist. Sheridan co-wrote the movie with his own daughter **Maaiya**, 36, and **Kirsten**, 27. He says *In America* isn't all true—in real life, Frankie was Sheridan's brother, not his son—but that most of it is. "I thought the copyright on my life is long time ago," the 34-year-old jokes. "I didn't want my daughters to make their own film when they grew up, because in their story, I'm just a guy who got up late, lived in the clouds, sang the wrong words to pop songs, and peed them on the sidewalk when he was drunk, telling them that he loved them." Sheridan's daughters and turned in their own dash of the film and then the director can bask the way, embellishing details. Some critics have lambasted Sheridan for *In America*'s more fanciful elements. The director takes issue with them. "The got nothing to apologize for," he says. "They just didn't get it. It's a drama, not a biography." Suspicion of directorial bias and a gratifying story is inevitable, it seems—no score allowed.

JOHN KIRBY/SONY

Books | The View From the Other Side of the Mountain

Risk, up about careers, the most intense of intimate sport devices, is the very essence of climbing. Without risk and the intense self-awareness and adrenalin rush it offers, there would be no sport at all in either after-deathly depiction. That's fine for them, writes Marc Goffey, author of *Where the Mountain Gods is Shadow*. Goffey, but what about those left behind? Goffey, who herself faced mountaineering's muffled fate when her lover, for Stefan, disappeared on Everest in 1982, provides an intimately witnessed study of climbers' spouses and widows—those who chose to become involved with risk-takers—and with mountaineers' children and parents, who had no choice. And reading through the book, in passages of stark honesty, are Goffey's reflections on her first love with Stefan—the grand brought her like an anatomy, the peak of her loss.



Best Sellers

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1. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 2	14
2. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 3	14
3. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 4	14
4. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 5	14
5. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 6	14
6. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 7	14
7. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 8	14
8. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 9	14
9. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 10	14
10. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 11	14

Non-fiction

1. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 2	14
2. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 3	14
3. THE WAY THE CREWELS , Alan Ayckem (Macmillan) 4	14
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WHAT'S BEHIND THE WORDS

Paul Martin's version of history doesn't quite jibe with the way we were

THE MORNING AFTER he won the Liberal leadership, Paul Martin handed reporters a 16-page summary of his plans for the nation. The pamphlet carries the modest title "Working History: The New Politics of Achievement." It was an expanded version of his speech to the convention, which carried the modest title "Working History."

Clearly history's on his mind. Let's see what lessons he's drawn. "We stand together on the edge of historic possibility," he said at Toronto's Air Canada Centre. "At a moment that comes rarely in the life of a country. It is a time

when destiny is ours to hold."

Unfamiliar with notions of portable destiny, I wondered whether Martin could see precedent. He certainly tried. "We have arrived at such moments of opportunity—and decision—in our history before," he writes. When? Confederation and the years after the Second World War, naturally.

In the last 100 years, the telegraph, the railroad and "the intellectual current of liberal nationalism" created "an unprecedented opportunity to build quickly and efficiently a nation." "Leaders of genius" like Sir John A. Macdonald, George-Étienne Cartier and George Brown popped up. "Together, our people made the choice to make history."

Elsewhere he cites "mobilization for victory in the Second World War and reconstruction thereafter." Canada had to rise to military power from a standing start, then renew its social contract and rebuild the world. "Again, the choice was made and the opportunity seized, both by a government of great political leaders and by millions of determined, idealistic citizens across this country. And history was made."

Kind of makes your heart beat faster, doesn't it? "And millions striving purposefully into the history books behind 'leaders of genius.'" Ironic: nations look quickly and efficiently like a bookshelf full of books.

It only took me how it actually happened? "Historians know that the whole Confederation movement was a lucky escape for the men who made it," Michael Bliss has written. "Without any advance knowledge



these colonial politicians cooked up a plan of union, sold it piece by piece, got it through the Canadian legislature without any reference to the people."

New Brunswick voted against Confederation in 1865. The judicious application of fiddling money made enough voters change their vote a year later. Nova Scotia sent 18 separatist MPs to Ottawa in 1867. The Canadian Pacific Railway was built through a landscape of gas, pork and kickback cash. Macdonald's consistent response to trouble was to stall, which is why he will forever be remembered as Old Tomorrow.

The Second World War and reconstruction? That would be William Lyon Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent. "The great leadership to the Second World War showed Mackenzie King at his worst," John Duffy wrote in *Flight of Our Lives*. "He failed to understand the forces at play. He completely neglected to prepare Canadians for the com-

ing struggle. When war did come, in 1939, King yet again demonstrated a shocking blindness to the great events unfolding."

And the eager millions striving boldly into the future? Not so much. Rose's Jack Greenstein: "Certainly there was little enthusiasm for the war in Canada to begin with. It was duty, an unpleasant duty that had to be met."

When victory finally loomed, the nation's leaders were bone weary and terrified of the world ahead. Blat France wrote in his magazine in 1946: "After all the easy speeches have been made, and all the dishes sounded, there's left a humble feeling among sound men of all parties that they face a terrific job, and beyond their power at which they can only take their courage in hand and do their best."

The response of King until he retired in 1948, and St. Laurent afterward, was caution. Duffy writes that both led "mildly progressive, bourgeoisie-oriented, don't rock the boat governments."

Bliss writes that King's ministers enjoyed his "caution, the debating, the mulling, the obfuscation, the timidity, the living in the past." In their place was St. Laurent, whose "cautious style was relaxed at the beginning of his tenure, virtually nonexistent by the end."

Of course great things happened during the Macdonald, King and St. Laurent years, but they were not busy putting out fires or keeping their heads down to include schooling fantasies about "holding destiny." Destiny does not like to be held. It runs back.

"This party has become the party of national destiny," John Diefenbaker said in 1956. "I hope it will be the party of vision and courage. Easy, rapid and this country will belong to Canada."

Five years later, Peter C. Newman wrote: "No prime minister ever disillusioned his disciples more."

See comment: Backpage.com/articles on Road From Wells to Working "History" at www.backpage.com/articles

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